

The Listener

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SPECIAL PHOTOGRAVURE JUBILEE SUPPLEMENT: EARLY ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHS
A collection of little-known camera studies of the Royal Family during the reign of Queen Victoria

Danubian Clues to European Peace

Europe's Danger Zone

By Professor ARNOLD TOYNBEE

This new series of talks, dealing with the countries on the River Danube, continues the discussion of the post-War situation in Europe started in the broadcasts last summer on 'The Treaty of Versailles and After'. Professor Arnold Toynbee opens with an account of the historical background of the Danubian States

I SUPPOSE, to most of us in this country, the countries that are strung along the River Danube, in South-Eastern Europe, seem fairly remote and decidedly outlandish. When one says 'South-Eastern Europe' to the average man or woman in England today, I think the words are likely to call up three main ideas. In the first place, we most of us have a notion that South-Eastern Europe was in a queer condition before the War. Secondly, we know that the War and the Peace Settlement turned South-Eastern Europe upside down and changed the map there out of all proportion to any changes that we have gone through in our time in our own part of Europe. And then, in the third place, we perhaps have a certain feeling of bewilderment, and even annoyance, because South-Eastern Europe hasn't even yet managed to settle down. After all the effort that has been made to satisfy those peoples' wishes and to bring those countries into line with the rest of the world, isn't it rather contrary behaviour on their part to go on making such a fuss at this time of day, when more than sixteen years have passed since the Armistice? I fancy this is more or less what most of us in England feel about South-Eastern Europe; and, of course, that means that we ourselves haven't yet got very far in understanding the special problems and difficulties of these neighbours of ours.

Let us try to understand them; and let us start with one fact that is quite familiar. We all know that, as a result of the Peace Settlement, South-Eastern Europe today is divided up into a number of National States. Besides Turkey and Bulgaria and Greece and Hungary, which were on the map already before the War, there are now a number of new names: Yugoslavia and Czechoslovakia and Greater Rumania and Albania and a German-Austrian Republic which is a small fragment of the old pre-War Austria. There is really no important nationality in South-Eastern Europe that does not, today, possess some kind of National State of its own; and, to our eyes, this looks like a natural arrangement as well as a fair one. But we know that this state of things has only been brought about in our time by a sort of political earthquake which has changed the old map of South-Eastern Europe out of recognition. We know that, in the last century, the whole of this Danubian region, which is now split up into no less than nine National States, was divided between not more than two Empires: the Ottoman Empire on one side and the Hapsburg Monarchy on the other. From first to last, it has taken about a century to break these two Empires up, and the earth is still trembling from the last and greatest of the explosions that have changed the whole face of the map in this part of the Continent.



Before Europe was 'Balkanised': when the Holy Roman Empire and Ottoman Empires were contiguous (1648)

What do the old Hapsburg Monarchy and the old Ottoman Empire stand for in most English minds? We are apt to think of the Hapsburg Monarchy as an oddity—'the ramshackle empire': and of the Ottoman Empire as a scandal—'the unspeakable Turk'. There is a tradition in England that the Hapsburg and Ottoman Governments were sheer instruments of oppression—perversely and wickedly, and at the same time hopelessly, striving to thwart the aspirations of 'nations rightly struggling to be free' (that was how Mr. Gladstone once spoke in Parliament of those South-East European nations which, in our time, have all at last succeeded in getting National States of their own at the expense of those old Empires). Well, perhaps that may be a fair account of the two Empires in the last chapter of their history. It was a chapter of repression; and, because it was that, it ended in the Empires breaking up and the subject nationalities getting free. But if this had been the whole history of the Hapsburg and Ottoman Empires, they would obviously have broken up long before that. There are earlier chapters which show the other side of the shield; and unless we do see the other side, we shall not be able to understand why it is that the break-up of the two Empires, and the setting up, in their place, of the nine post-War National States of South-Eastern Europe, have not, after all, brought the millennium.

By 1918 the Hapsburg Monarchy had been a going concern for about four hundred years and the Ottoman Empire for about six hundred. How had they managed to last so long? What was the point of them? What service did they perform for the millions of people under their rule? What held them together?

The thing that held each of them together is revealed in their names; for each of these two Empires is named after a dynasty: the House of Hapsburg and the House of Osman. And this is something that any British subject can understand; for a common allegiance to a single Crown is, of course, the very thing that holds our own British Empire together today. To a Frenchman or an American, the British Empire perhaps seems just as odd and as ramshackle an affair as the Hapsburg or the Ottoman Empire used to seem to us. 'How can it possibly hold together', they ask, 'with its extraordinary mixture of races and religions: Europeans and Asiatics and Africans; English-speaking Canadians and French-speaking Canadians; English-speaking South Africans and Dutch-speaking South Africans? Isn't this motley British Empire bound to break up?' And the answer is, of course, that this medley of peoples is held together by a common allegiance

to the Crown which bridges all our differences of language and race. Now, it was a common allegiance to the Hapsburg or the Ottoman Crown that held each of those two South-East European Empires together in their great days. Of course, in each of them the Crown had always a certain number of unwilling subjects. In all Empires there are always some malcontents. But the point is that, down to about a hundred years ago, the Hapsburg and the Ottoman Crowns commanded—as our own British Crown commands today—so general a loyalty that the two Empires were each able to hold together and to perform their work.

What was their work? It was the very important and valuable business of making it possible for peoples of different race and nationality and religion to live together in unity. That is the strength of the old-fashioned principle of personal allegiance as a basis for political life. We know the truth of this from a number of familiar instances inside the British Empire. The standard pattern of State in the world today has come to be a State in which the basis of unity is not an institution, like the Crown, but a race or a language or a nationality. France, for instance, is built on that foundation; and even in Signor Mussolini's Italy and Herr Hitler's Germany it is the Italian nation and the German race that is symbolised in the Duce and the Führer. Some particular nationality is likewise the foundation of every one of those South-East European 'Successor-States' of the Hapsburg and Ottoman Empires. But you couldn't keep Canada or South Africa, or for that matter the United Kingdom, together on that basis. Supposing somebody tries to say to one of our Welsh or French-Canadian or Afrikaner fellow-subjects: 'To be a proper citizen of the British country in which you have been born you have got to speak English, because English is the national language, and being British means being English-speaking; so if you mean to stick to your Dutch or French or Welsh mother-tongue you must either go under or get out'. How long, I wonder, would our British Com-



Racial map of Central and South-Eastern Europe

monwealth of Nations hold together on that basis? I think, not very long. But, of course, what we do say to each other is something utterly different. We say: 'We are all agreed upon a common allegiance to the same Crown, and so we can afford to be generous to one another on other points; we can live and let live; we can tolerate one another's local



Bulgarian market gardener

E.N.A.



Turkish peasant

languages and religions and manners and customs'. Why, one of the main points of our annual British Empire broadcast on Christmas Day, at which the King speaks the last word, is that every community in the British Empire greets the others and expresses its loyalty to His Majesty in its own language. Now that was also the spirit of the Hapsburg and Ottoman Empires in their great days.

In the old Ottoman and Hapsburg Empires there was no fuss about language. People just used whatever language was most convenient for the purpose in hand, without quarrelling about it. The earliest official language of the Ottoman Navy was not Turkish but Italian, because Italian used to be the *lingua franca* for all sailors in the Mediterranean; and Italian was likewise the official language of the Hapsburg Navy right down to the moment when that Navy went out of existence at the Armistice of 1918. In the Hapsburg Navy the higher officers were largely German-speaking Austrians and Magyar-speaking Hungarians, and the crews were



Slovakian shepherd in the Tatra Mountains

Czechoslovakian Legation

mainly Yugoslavs, but they got on very well by a common agreement to use Italian as the language of command. And then there is the curious history of the Hungarian Parliament. Pre-War Hungary — which was twice the size of the Hungary that you now see on the map — was one of the principal dominions of the Hapsburg Crown; and in this pre-War Hungary only about half the inhabitants were Magyars. The Magyars only occupied the big plain in the centre, round Budapest. The highlands round about were inhabited by Hungarian subjects of other nationalities: Slovaks in the north-west, Ukrainians in the north, Rumanians in the east, Yugoslavs in the south, Germans in the west. Now during the generation before the Great War, when nationalism had come to infect South-Eastern Europe, Hungary was a byword for political oppression and corruption. The Magyar majority in the centre was then trying, by fair means or foul, to 'Magyarise' the various minorities round the edge of the country.

(Continued on page 750)



Armenian fruit-seller

E.N.A.



Albanian roadmakers

E.N.A.

Custom and Conduct

The Power of Heredity

By H. A. MESS

In the first six talks of this series, Dr. Mess, Director of the Tyneside Council of Social Service, will discuss the various factors underlying individual conduct. The last four talks, by Dr. W. G. de Burgh, will deal with man's moral nature and the interior springs of conduct

THERE is an eighteenth-century story told of a sailor who is reported to have said: 'The French call a cabbage a *shoe*; the fools, why can't they call it a cabbage when they must know it is one?' Doubtless sailors, like the rest of us, know a little more nowadays. Yet I suppose that it still seems to us when we are young—and it seems to some people all their lives—that we think and feel and act as we do because it is reasonable and right and inevitable to think and feel and act like that. We seem to ourselves to be sensible, unprejudiced persons. But a little reflection will show that most of us—all of us—are to a large extent what we are because we belong to particular human groups. Quite clearly it is not just accident that most Arabs are Muhammadans, most Sinhalese are Buddhists, most Italians are Roman Catholics, most Danes are Lutherans. The individual Arabs, Cingalese, Italians, Danes, have not, with rare exceptions, thought out carefully the meaning of life and weighed the evidence for and against their religion and other religions. If you or I had been Arabs we should probably have been Muhammadans; if we had been Danes we should probably have been Lutherans; it is the fact that we have been born and brought up in England, and not any reasonable and deliberate choice which has resulted in our *not* being Muhammadans or Lutherans. Even within this country the results of local groupings are observable; Methodists are plentiful in Cornwall but scarce in Scotland, whilst the reverse is true of Presbyterians. We do not conclude that for some inexplicable reason a high proportion of Cornishmen, after a careful review of the evidence and arguments, prefer the dogmas and polity of Methodism and reject those of Presbyterianism, whilst Scotsmen for an equally inscrutable reason come in large numbers to opposite conclusions. We know perfectly well when we take the trouble to think that the majority of Cornishmen or Scotsmen are Methodists or Presbyterians by virtue of birth and upbringing rather than by virtue of rational choice; just as a Frenchman calls a certain vegetable a *chou*, whilst we call it a cabbage, because of different upbringing.

To take another example, from the realm of politics: the facts about the Great War are the same whether you are a Briton, a Frenchman, a German, an Italian, or an American. But the perception and interpretation of those facts is widely different. Germans, with few exceptions, take one view; Frenchmen, with few exceptions, quite another view. Most British would say that the War was won by the initial resistance at Mons and by the pressure of the British navy. Most Americans would say that the Allies were saved by the intervention of the United States. I wonder if you have heard of the battle of Vittorio Veneto? Probably not. But every Italian child is taught that the battle of Vittorio Veneto, when the Italians defeated the Austrians, was the turning-point of the War. Quite clearly, thinking on the subject of the War is, to a large extent, a group product. Imagine two infants, let us say of neutral birth, one of whom was adopted by a French family in 1900, whilst the other was adopted by a German family; they would pretty certainly think and feel differently today according to the land of adoption. Yet to them their thoughts would seem to be inevitable deductions from the facts.

Or take men as members of a social class. Within each class there will be wide differences of intellect and temperament; and these differences will produce varying outlooks on many matters. But on certain matters, such as wages and hours and working conditions, there will be a fairly clear division of views. Most members of the working classes will look at such questions in one way, and most members of the owning and managerial class in another way. Kensington does not think as Poplar does, the mind of Wigan or of Bilston is not the mind of Cheltenham or Tunbridge Wells. That is to say that much of our thinking is *class* thinking. And class

determines our conduct in many spheres of life. We think that we are free to choose our partners in life, but actually we are only free to choose within the limits of our class. Duke's son does *not* marry cook's daughter; and King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid is prettier in ballad or in picture than in real life.

It is obvious enough, once we begin to reflect, that we are moulded by pressures of which we may be only dimly conscious. There are, of course, exceptions: some men and women stand apart from the general thought of their group. But even the rebels are shaped in their thinking by that against which they rebel. No man escapes entirely the spirit of his age or of those groups of which he has been a member. On the other hand, it is most important to realise that few of us are just passive; and we certainly ought not to be just passive. It is a characteristic of all *living* creatures that they react on and modify their environments. And it is specially true of human life; man is shaper as well as shaped.

Much of this moulding of the individual goes on without his being aware of it; and often those who exercise the pressure do so unconsciously. Attitudes of mind and feeling are caught from one another and are passed on from generation to generation. Later in this series of talks we shall deal with custom and its tremendous power, and with the curious way in which institutions, such as war, and systems, like the party system, seem to continue by their own momentum; and how coercive they can be. But whilst much of the moulding is unplanned, there is also much that is deliberate. Society has its ways of securing the conformity of its individual members to the prevalent modes of thought and behaviour. Sociologists speak of 'the instruments of social control' and the chief of them are government, religion, education and public opinion.

We are considering together the forces that mould our lives, and what I have said so far has been general and preliminary. Now we come down to the particular force which is our special subject here. We are to start at the *very* beginning. Long before there can be conscious interplay of thought and feeling between us and others, long before we have any consciousness at all, at the *very* beginning, at that instant nine months before our birth when we were struck into being, a great deal was settled about us once and for all. It was settled, for instance, that we were to be men and not beasts or plants; that we were to be white men and not yellow men or negroes; it was settled whether we were to have straight hair or curly hair, brown eyes or blue eyes, whether we were to be male or female, whether there was a possibility of our having good brains, or whether there wasn't; what kind of temperament we were to have; and a great deal more was settled about us, once and for all.

Most of us just now will be doing a little gardening. I often think that there is no more wonderful sight in the world than an assortment of seeds. Those small dried-up little objects, not always easy to distinguish from one another, have in them amazing powers. They will choose from the soil, each of them, just what they want for their particular life, and they will organise it into a particular kind of plant. They won't make mistakes. This small seed will become a turnip; that small seed will become a carrot. There is something inside each seed which seems to know just what it has got to do and how to do it, and what it isn't going to do. And so it is also with that tiny microscopic cell, resulting from the union of two tiny cells, which is going to develop into a man. How surely it goes to work, building up into itself the material it wants, dividing and sub-dividing, taking form and shape, creating limbs and organs, until there is the child ready for birth, the child which will one day be a full-grown man or woman.

Of course, *how* the seed of a plant grows and *what* it



'Godolphin Arabian'
Walter T. Spencer

becomes depends partly upon soil and air and sunshine; and there are great, and sometimes surprising, variations possible as these vary. And so it is with human beings; heredity counts a great deal, but environment counts a great deal also. And it is not at all easy to distinguish what is due to heredity and what is due to environment, especially in the case of human beings. It isn't easy in the case of plants and animals; but you can find out things by experiment in their case, you can mate them as you please and you can change their environments. You can't experiment with human beings. And consciousness and reason complicate matters. So, if we are wise, we shall be cautious and not dogmatise hastily about human heredity.

Still, there is a good deal which we do know. There is a long list of human traits about which we are quite certain that they have an heredity basis. Let me give you some of them: colour of hair, texture of hair, colour of eyes, colour of skin, stature, tendency to leanness or to obesity. All these are physical characteristics. Are there also mental characteristics which are part of our heredity? Different breeds of animals differ in intelligence; it is natural to suppose that the same is true of different breeds of men. And we have every reason to think so. High intellectual capacity, certain kinds of intellectual capacity, and some special abilities, such as musical ability, appear to run in families. Temperament, also, appears to have a hereditary basis in animals and in man; and we know something of the chemistry underlying it. Weasel has one temperament and rabbit another, clearly determined by heredity. And different breeds of dogs have their different temperaments. And so also it is with men; and it is a matter of common observation that different races have different temperaments: some are stolid and some are mercurial, some gay and some melancholy. Though we shall be in error if we too lightly conclude that observed differences are *always* due to heredity.

Not only do well marked races have their differences, physical and mental, but every one of us has his own physique and his own intellectual quality and his own temperament. Each individual is unique from the start. (There is, indeed, one exception, that of identical twins, and they very soon diverge.) There never was anyone exactly like you before; there will never be anyone exactly like you again. But because we come

of related stocks, and in any small community we have many common ancestors, there is a good deal of resemblance between us as well as a good deal of difference. We are, so to speak, variations on a comparatively few themes. We are sufficiently alike to be able to understand one another; we are sufficiently unlike to make life interesting and difficult. If it were not for the fundamental likeness, there could not be any social science at all.

Let us return to the question of the relative parts played by heredity and environment. We all know what a great power environment has. A potato tuber grows in one way if it sprouts in good soil and in sunlight, and in quite another way if these are lacking. Take the larva of a bee, which would normally develop into a worker bee, and give it special food, and it will develop into a queen bee. And so it is with human beings; the man who ought to be strong in mind and body may be stunted and warped in the growing.

But whatever happens, if the tuber grows at all it grows into a potato of sorts, and never into a turnip or an artichoke. If the larva develops, it develops into a bee of some kind; never into a wasp or a dragon-fly. If the human seed develops it will grow into a man of some kind, not into an ape or a dog. In short, heredity fixes absolutely the range of possibilities. Environment settles which of those possibilities shall be realised.



'Persimmon'
W. W. Rouch



Every Derby winner of the last 50 years is descended from one of three Arab horses brought to England over 200 years ago. One of these, 'Godolphin Arabian', was a founder of the family leading to 'Eclipse', 'St. Simon' and 'Persimmon'; another family led to 'Isinglass', 'Swynford' and 'Windsor Lad' (above)

The best heredity will avail nothing if the environment is all wrong. The best environment cannot produce results beyond the range originally set.

Now most of this is very obvious and commonplace, and no one denies its importance as long as you are speaking of plants and animals. But I know from a pretty long experience of talking on this subject that quite a number of persons are reluctant to admit that it applies to human beings. They won't admit that the differences we see in men and women, the differences in physique and differences in quality of brains and differences in character are partly—I emphasise 'partly' but I add in considerable measure—due to heredity. I have heard it argued time after time that if only housing were better and wages were higher, and schooling was better, we shouldn't have men and women of poor type.

Well, of course we want better housing and better wages and better schools. And when we get them, we shall see immense improvements in the quality of human life. But there will still be great differences between one man and another. And there will still be dull and awkward and unhealthy persons who don't respond to better environment.

I don't know how much interest you take in racehorses, perhaps as little as I do. But we know this much, you and I, that if we wanted to win the Derby we should get the best stables possible, well lit and well ventilated and well drained; and we should be careful about food and water; we should have the best groom and trainer and jockey. Anything else? The horse. Well, should we take any young horse that happened to be available, let us say the first to be born in the neighbourhood, and say that with good treatment it ought to be good enough to win the race? Of course we shouldn't; we should insist on a pedigree horse. It is said that every Derby winner of the last fifty years has had in its ancestry at least one of three famous Arab horses which were brought to this country over 200 years ago. Well, pedigree counts in men as well as in horses.

I quite agree that it is much more complicated in the case of men, and much harder to arrive at the facts. Environment counts differently; in some ways it matters less, because man can do so much to alter his environment. But in other ways it matters more, because a large part of man's environment is a mental environment. He is profoundly affected by the thoughts and feelings of other people. And with regard to the accident of birth, with which we began our talk, that affects him not only by the process of physical heredity but also by what we call social heritage. The difference between being born a Frenchman and being born a German isn't just a matter of race; very likely it isn't racial at all: you have much the same mixture of races on both sides of the Rhine. The chief difference is that the child grows up to speak a different language, to read a different literature, to look at history differently, and to have different prejudices. The difference is one of social heritage, not of physical heredity.

Beware of the nonsense which is talked about race. There certainly are racial differences: of temperament and of ability, as well as of physique. But they have been very little explored as yet, and it is quite premature to generalise about them. And so far as European countries are concerned, no nation is of pure stock; the races are intermingled. There is little doubt that some differences in national outlook have a racial basis, that is, an hereditary basis; but we have not yet got the means of ascertaining scientifically which differences are due to heredity, which to history and circumstances. The Germans are a military nation; the Danes are not; but it would be a wild assertion to say that the Germans are by heredity more pugnacious than the Danes. The difference between them is more likely to be a matter of tradition and of institutions, that is to say, of social heritage.

Let us give an example from another sphere to show how difficult it is to distinguish between the effects of heredity and of environment. Teachers have to deal sometimes with stupid children, who seem unable to profit by their schooling. Well, a particular child may come of poor stock; if you examine a family history you will find that other members of it are, or

have been, stupid. In that case the stupidity is probably hereditary. Nothing on earth, no care and no medical treatment, could put into that child the mental capacity which is lacking. It is doomed from conception to be stupid. But the case of a second child is different; it is stupid, incurably stupid, but there appears to be nothing wrong with the stock; father and mother are normal; other members of the family are normal; what happened was that the tiny cell which became that child was healthy and held the possibilities of normal development; but something went wrong during development, there was an accident at birth, or disease in early childhood. And so the possibility was never realised. And there is yet a third case; a child may be backward and seem stupid, but the possibility of development is there, though the development has not taken place. Perhaps there has been an emotional shock, perhaps there is some physical handicap such as deafness. If the handicap can be removed the child may yet become normal, or even brilliant, as in the case of Helen Keller, the famous blind, deaf and dumb girl, who became a scholar and authoress.

You may say that it does not matter how the stupidity originated; it is just as bad however it came about. But it *does* matter. If it is due to environment we may be able to alter the environment. But if it is due to bad heredity, we can do nothing. All that can be done with a bad stock is to let it come to an end by discouraging or preventing breeding from it.

Now a certain amount of what I have been saying may have sounded rather negative. It amounts to this: that heredity is certainly very important, but that it is extremely difficult in the case of man to say what is due to heredity and what is due to environment, and especially to social heritage. And that is precisely the truth. We still need a great deal more research into human heredity; it would be one of the most profitable investments any government or any millionaire could make. We don't even know the racial composition of the inhabitants of England; there has not been a complete ethnographic survey, that is to say, survey of races, since Beddoes made one nearly forty years ago. And the technique for such a survey was primitive in his day.

Still, we know a certain amount, enough to be useful, especially if we have the commonsense to remember the limitations of our knowledge. Individuals can sometimes learn quite a deal about themselves and their make-up by studying their family histories. And we are beginning to know something about the psychology of different races; it may help us later on to understand the psychology of different nations.

Amongst the traits fixed in us by heredity are certain characteristic ways of responding to typical situations. We know roughly what a weasel or a rabbit or a cow will do in certain situations. Their conduct is determined by their instincts, and their instincts are implanted in them by heredity. Well, man has his instincts too; though in his case their operations are complicated and obscured by other elements in his make-up. I shall be speaking about the instincts of men next week.

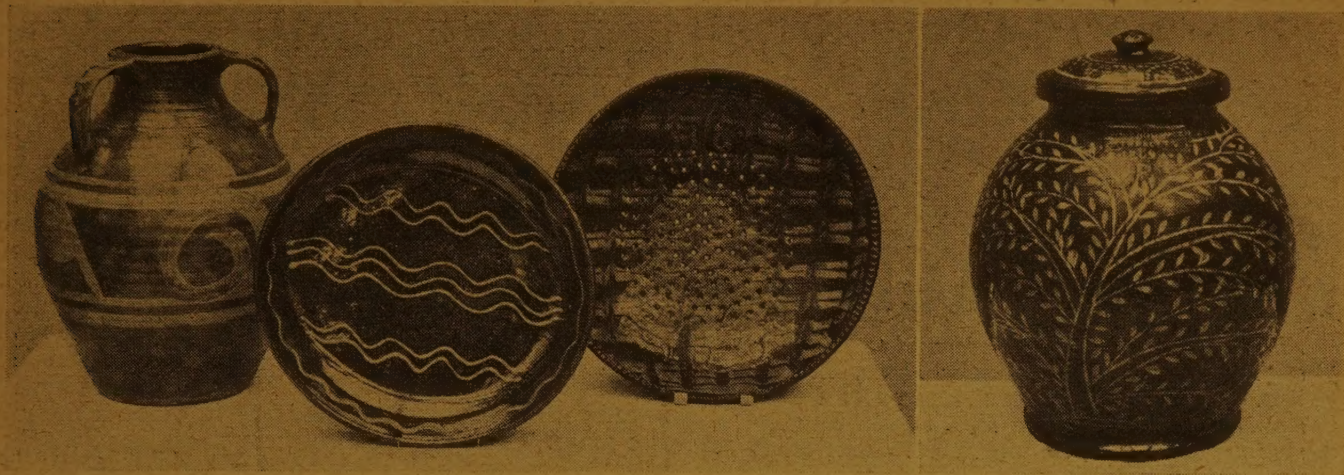
Empire Services from St. Paul's

A MONTHLY RELIGIOUS SERVICE of great interest will be inaugurated on June 9 for broadcasting to the Empire. The service has been arranged by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, in co-operation with the B.B.C., and will be held in St. Paul's Cathedral on the second Sunday in every month at 2.15 p.m. In addition to being the first regular service to be transmitted to the Empire, it will have further importance, as the Dean and Chapter intend to assemble a congregation drawn from the relatives and friends of persons resident in various parts of the Empire.

It is hoped to make the service a congregational one, and the Dean (Dr. W. R. Matthews) therefore proposes to hold rehearsals in the Cathedral. The choir of St. Paul's will sing the introit and the anthem; other parts of the service will be congregational. The Dean will himself take the first service, and a special panel of other eminent preachers has been formed for later Sundays.

English Pottery Old and New

Some of the pieces from the second Exhibition of English Pottery and Porcelain now open at the Victoria and Albert Museum, South Kensington, and arranged by the Museum in collaboration with the Council for Art and Industry



Modern and ancient slip ware. (Left) a contemporary jar (belonging to Ernest Jackson) and dish (lent by the Little Gallery), both by Michael Cardew, compared with a strainer of 1761 (coll. L. G. Duke) and (right) a jar of 1809



Table ware. Two modern plates made by J. and G. Meakin and painted by Dora Billington, and some examples of late eighteenth-century cream-coloured earthenware: Leeds cruet and stand (coll. A. L. Allen) and watering pot, and a Wedgwood sauceboat



Part of a modern Wedgwood dinner service and Staffordshire coffee-pot (1780)



The Listener

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The Protection of Birds

THE petition which the Scottish Society for the Protection of Wild Birds has brought forward, asking for a year's truce in the caging and capturing of wild birds, is one more example of the growing realisation that conscious steps have to be taken in the British Isles if many species of birds already rare are not to become extinct. The whole question of bird protection is one in which this country can claim to have taken the lead. Today most countries have societies for the protection of birds, and have passed legislation establishing close seasons, or in other ways affording protection, but in general such legislation, both here and abroad, is permissive; it allows Local Authorities to take certain steps, and even where it is mandatory from the nature of the case it is legislation that is singularly difficult to enforce. In this country it is now nearly fifty years since the body, now so well known as the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, was founded primarily to combat the evils of the plumage traffic. From that obvious beginning many activities have grown, both national and international. Much of the work of bird preservation only requires money. Thus the equipment of lighthouses with perches has been found to save a great deal of bird life, preventing birds from injuring and killing themselves by dashing against the lighthouse in a vain search for somewhere to perch. This form of protection requires neither legislation nor education. At the other end, the attempts to secure, through the League of Nations, international action to minimise the discharge of oil from oil-burning vessels in a form which makes it a peculiarly destructive agent for birds, is, like all international matters, a lengthy business of slowly maturing agreement. In between these two extremes lies the great field in which public opinion and public education are the chief factors.

Many of the enemies of particular species are not susceptible to human control, but the snarer and the sheerly acquisitive egg collector are. There are some grounds for hoping that the collecting of birds' eggs in the old style is becoming a less popular pastime. One effect of the activities of ornithological societies has been to expose the hollowness of the pretence that egg collecting still needs

to be done on a large scale by amateurs in the interests of science. Just as big game hunting has been profoundly modified by the camera, and it is realised that sporting risks can be enjoyed even more fully when the object is to secure pictures rather than heads or skins, so does the modern naturalist find more satisfaction in collecting observations and pictures rather than in amassing great numbers of blown egg-shells. A recent correspondence in *The Field* on the habits of egg collectors revealed, however, a great many instances of predatory collecting. To the ardent collector anxious to boast, as one collector boasted, of the ten thousand eggs in his collection, official orders are things to ignore or evade, and watchers, such as the Royal Society provides in certain localities, are people to approach, though seldom with any success, with hints of bribes. In particular the habit of taking all the eggs still finds defenders who assert that the birds, when they lay again, lay more and better eggs the second time. The name of oologist, the title of the serious egg collector, is made to cover practices which are really indulged in from a simple but dangerous passion for acquisition which is well known to carry men away, whatever the field in which it enjoys free range. There are even instances where eggs, which have been marked with ink in order to make them valueless for collectors' purposes, have been wantonly smashed by disappointed collectors. There are other instances where a rare bird like the peregrine has been robbed of its eggs, as at one place in North Wales, continuously through the last twenty years. The instinct to shoot a rare bird immediately it appears is much less prevalent than it was in the last century. Town-dwellers, to whom the countryside and its inhabitants are occasional treats, more easily appreciate birds than do those who take them for granted, and the growth of towns, if it has harmed birds in many ways, has brought less compensation. Societies like the London Natural History Society, which exists for all people living within twenty miles of St. Paul's, are the obvious and best means through which townsmen can study the habits of birds as of plants and insects. Recently societies and individual bird-watchers all over the country have established the British Trust for Ornithology as a national centre to co-ordinate their observations, and have formed the nucleus of a permanent endowment for setting up and maintaining at Oxford an institute to which anyone interested in bird life can turn for information and guidance. By these and other means the destruction of bird life is today being stayed, and the crude interest in natural history, of which it has so often been an expression, is being transmuted into more intelligent and more humane forms.

Week by Week

THE British Post Graduate Medical School, which the King is to open at Hammersmith on May 13, will fill a serious gap in the organisation of medical studies in this country. Hitherto doctors coming to London to put themselves abreast of the latest developments in medical knowledge have had to find their way about a maze of schools and hospitals organised primarily for undergraduate training, and offering only piecemeal facilities for advanced study. The Fellowship of Medicine has done what it can, providing information and arranging inclusive fees; but the courses remained largely sporadic, unrelated, scattered at odd places over the whole of London. This lack of organisation has been in striking contrast to systematic arrangements in German clinics and at such other medical centres as Vienna, Baltimore and Boston. The new school will appeal in the first place to doctors from other countries and from other parts of the Empire who want to acquire a specialist's knowledge and skill in some one branch of their profession. It will provide research facilities for visiting students in the sciences allied to medicine. But it will also arrange regular refresher courses for general practitioners, panel doctors, and medical men on furlough from overseas. The school has been incorporated as a College of the Univer-

sity of London. It is financed partly from the Treasury through the University Grants Committee, and partly by the L.C.C. The new building in Ducane Road stands side by side with the Hammersmith Hospital, which has been taken over from the L.C.C. and extended to provide the necessary clinical material. It will be some years, no doubt, before it will be able to take its proper place among older institutions in other parts of the world. But its usefulness will be felt from the first, and only time will be necessary for its reputation to become established.

Rather surprising figures as to the number of cinemas in the world today, and the effect of the economic depression on cinema building, are given in the March issue of *Intercine*, the review of the International Institute of Educational Cinematography (Rome). In 1930 the United States possessed 22,721 cinema halls, of which 12,500 were wired for sound; Europe then possessed 26,634 halls, of which only 5,400 were wired for sound: in fact, the United States possessed nearly twice as many sound picture theatres as the rest of the world put together. But by 1934 the number of halls in the States had shrunk to less than one half, or 10,143, all of which were wired for sound; the shrinkage was most marked during 1933-1934, when apparently nearly 9,000 theatres closed their doors. Conversely, the building of cinemas in Europe (excluding Russia) continued to progress steadily, apart from a slight setback in 1932. The total number of halls in 1934 was 29,560, of which 21,660 were wired for sound; in other words, today Europe possesses double the number of sound picture theatres that the United States possesses. Another striking feature of the figures given is the enormous jump made by the Russian figures in 1934. In 1932 Russia possessed 3,200 theatres, all but 200 of which were wired for sound. In 1933 the total number shrank to 2,000, silent theatres being eliminated; but in 1934 there were no fewer than 9,987 theatres, although the number of sound picture halls had decreased to 1,800. Thus, the 1934 expansion of the Russian cinema has been an expansion of the silent cinema. In other important quarters of the world, Latin America and Japan, cinema building has remained stagnant. Finally, there remains India, whose 353,000,000 population are today served by 675 cinemas (506 sound), or no more than one to every half million persons. It is surely astonishing to consider how backward this vast continent is in the enjoyment of the two greatest inventions of modern science, broadcasting and the cinema.

Recent letters in *The Times* have dealt with a question which has perplexed many a parent, how much pocket money a child should have. There seems little doubt that the tendency, so well known in the field of governmental and public finance, for expenditure to grow of its own accord, is also true in the schoolroom, and that our grandparents, just as they would be amazed at our Budget figures, would be shocked at the large sum which children today receive every week in contrast to the 2d. or 3d., a penny of which was earmarked for the collection plate, which were common rates for well-to-do children in the last century. Two main questions arise, whether sums should be large or small, and whether they should be unconditional or earned. In the case of children who will be earning and contributing to household expenses at about fifteen it is obviously wise that they shall have handled money in their schooldays and learnt the rule that if you choose to have one thing you must go without something else. But, whether or not children are going to earn money outside the family, it is plainly undesirable to encourage in the home the idea that every service has its price and ought to be paid for. Bad as is recklessness or incompetence in keeping accounts or in estimating costs, there are many more vicious characteristics easily acquired in connection with money. The child who drives hard bargains with his parents, or becomes a young miser, is a much more unpleasant individual than the one who continues to believe with groundless optimism that there is no bottom to the family purse. The money-box no longer stands quite so proudly as it used to as the symbol of thrift, as the corner-stone of success, because the future of the world in the next fifty years is not something about which parents now feel reasonably sure. Perhaps this is one of the reasons why children seem to be having more pocket-money today. Certainly they have more expenses—taking themselves to the cinema and covering a

much bigger radius in their movements. The golden mean in the matter of pocket-money must avoid habits of waste and extravagance, but equally such straitened circumstances in youth as to induce children to devise subterfuges, like the habit of asking strangers for invented fares, because without such shifts they cannot carry on at all among their friends.

A horse without a tail was recently the centre of attraction on an English racecourse; now it is followed by an even more remarkable equine phenomenon—the vanishing horse. That, at least, is a conclusion which may be drawn from the Army Council's latest census of horses in Great Britain, for between 1924 and 1934 the number fell by almost a third, the respective figures being 1,892,205 on June 4, 1924, and 1,263,507 on May 12, 1934. The Council's figure does not include horses owned by the military authorities, the principal railway companies and the London Passenger Transport Board, but even when these are added the total does not exceed 1,300,000. A decline of 600,000 in ten years certainly seems to suggest that the horse is vanishing, but motorists will find one agreeable feature in this development. The biggest decrease has occurred in light and medium trade and draught horses and 'trotting vanners', and the removal of these from the public streets and roads is an important factor in lessening traffic congestion. The new speed-limit in built-up areas has made this all the more necessary, for many motorists complain of the trouble caused by fellow-drivers who go too slowly for fear of infringing the regulations. This trouble is even worse where horse-drawn vans are concerned, and the decrease in their numbers is therefore very welcome. Horse-lovers, however, may console themselves by observing that riding-horses, hunters and thoroughbreds have not shared in the general decline; this should be a guarantee that the horse will not complete its vanishing-trick and disappear altogether.

Our Scottish correspondent writes: A revival of interest in ecclesiastical architecture is a welcome sign of vitality in the Church of Scotland today. The rededication the other day of the fine old parish church at Aberlour after its complete reconstruction was but a typical symptom of a movement that is affecting all such congregations as have a tolerably beautiful and antique place of worship to be proud of. It probably originated in the activities of Sir D. Y. Cameron, who is a devout Churchman as well as a great artist, and who, at Kippen in Stirlingshire, where he lives, made of the ancient parish church a thing of beauty that attracts its daily visitors and serves as a model for congregations wishful to improve the fabrics they have inherited. The impulse comes at exactly the right time. The Church of Scotland is gathering a huge National Church Extension Fund—now amounting to over £100,000—for the erection of churches in the new housing areas. Almost every week one hears of a foundation stone laid, a sod cut, or a completed building duly dedicated; and it is something to know that the eyes of enlightened leaders are upon these adventures in building. So far as the eye of the casual traveller can judge, the results are very satisfactory on the whole. We do not permit our architects the modernism of Ulm or Breslau, but we have certainly allowed them to escape that slavery to the more pointed forms of Gothic, which held the nineteenth-century designers in thrall and has left the industrial towns—and too many pretty villages—a legacy of imitative monstrosities. One could almost say that a native style is evolving, and that the tendency is towards a duly qualified return to the squareness of the typical Scots kirk of the eighteenth century.

'Ministers Investigating Complaints Against B.B.C. . . . Sir Kingsley Wood's Report . . . Steps Likely to be Taken . . . Left Wing Influences . . . St. George's Day Omission . . .'

Such were the scare headlines across the centre page of the *Daily Mail* of April 26. 'I am able to reveal', ran this curious piece of 'special news', 'that the Government is considering what action it shall take to prohibit subversive and left-wing views that have been disseminated under various guises by the B.B.C. . . .', etc., etc., spinning out the usual string of clichés on this subject. To enable our readers to correct any misunderstanding which might arise from this, we state categorically that there is not a vestige of truth in the paragraph and scare-heads quoted above.

Freedom

What Are We Worth to Freedom?

By J. L. GARVIN

The fourth talk in the series on 'Freedom' was broadcast on April 23 by Mr. J. L. Garvin, who has been Editor of 'The Observer' since 1908

IT is my high privilege to speak to you about the theme of Freedom not only in the King's year of celebration, full of stirring and thankful memories, but on this particular date—this April the twenty-third which is twice dedicated; both to our and the world's supreme poet and to the tutelary saint whose overcoming of the powers of evil was a symbol in the land for centuries, and whose name, as champion and guardian, was the watchword of our forefathers. We are thus charged to keep truly a double festival of literature and of patriotism such as no other country knows.

For us and for the English-speaking world there can never be a common connection between this theme of Freedom and this day of Shakespeare and St. George. Language and liberty—our unequalled language and our foremost example of liberty—these two influences are inseparable in our dearest and noblest associations.

The Great Reaction

Yet, as we all know, this Freedom which has been so familiar and mighty among ourselves is now exposed in the world to new and mighty challenges. Amidst all that is strange and formidable in these times nothing whatever seems quite so strange and formidable to a thoughtful mind as the Great Reaction—that is, the reaction against the idea of public and personal liberty as we understand it. This adverse movement has turned out to be the chief characteristic of world history in the whole post-War epoch so far. And to our eyes it is the more extraordinary and the more unwelcome because it is in complete contrast, as we so often remind ourselves, with every dream and expectation cherished by the free English-speaking societies towards the end of the War. I am not going to dwell again upon how that contrary sequel, then unguessed, was gradually unfolded.

If we laid all the blame on the Peace Treaties we might claim miss the meaning of the matter. There was something else. There was something else which it was impossible for Western statesmanship to foresee or prevent. What was that something? It was the outbreak of two fiery forces which in their nature were and are utterly hostile to each other, but were and are alike in one thing. They reject freedom. These two forces, I need hardly say, are Communism and the new Nationalism—Communism subordinating everything else to the class-war, and impassioned Nationalism subordinating everything else to the service and the worship of the patriotic State. The Bolshevik revolution led elsewhere to the anti-Bolshevik sweep of the counter-revolutions. We may say with some shrewd truth as well as pleasantry that Lenin was the father of both Signor Mussolini and Herr Hitler. These amazing men, these new Cæsars, these self-made Tsars, are in their own societies the victorious antagonists of Communism. But to seize all power, to crush all opposition, was no less their object and their principle. For them, just as for the Bolsheviks, the first essential was the suppression and the extinction of political liberty as we understand it. And why? It was not because either Signor Mussolini or Herr Hitler was actuated merely by personal ambition like so many of the old despots. No. But because they believed that the abuses and weaknesses of untempered democracy were working to corrupt the race and to disorganise the historic State.

This is no vulgar contest. We hear the deep calling unto the deep. It is for the sake of other dreams and faiths and practical purposes that our English-speaking way of life is decisively rejected by both Communism and the new Nationalism. It is because of this that freedom has been wiped out in so many nations and over so large a part of the earth.

Now if this is the double reaction against liberty, it is high time to ask ourselves at this commemoration of Shakespeare and St. George what is the worth today of those English-speaking ideals which so many generations have held dearer

than life. Another of our poets thinks of this among other things when he speaks of 'the heavenly beauty of the good old cause'. Do we still believe in that cause with a whole heart and soul? Do we still believe in its worth today not only for our own land and the English-speaking societies but for the spirit of man and the future of civilisation? And if so what shall we do to uphold it?

Practical Consequences of the Loss of Liberty

There is, thank God, no doubt about the answer to the first question. It is no use telling us or any other English-speaking society that Freedom is on trial. Her cause is not only the cause of our faith but in very truth the cause of our existence. When we look into it again, we see well that for us, bred as we have been, there could be no life worth living without our liberty, and that without it Britain herself in the great sense could not be. By all that has resulted before our eyes from the wide downfall of liberty elsewhere in this age we are not shaken in our own faith but far more confirmed. Well may we value liberty afresh and to the full today when we compare its most precious privileges with what has happened where freedom has ceased to breathe. Take but three examples.

Take first the contrast concerning law and justice. For over seven hundred years since Magna Carta we have developed by degrees the greatest thing of all—equality before the law for all classes and persons. We are safe from arbitrary arrest and imprisonment. None of us can be deprived of liberty or goods, not to speak of life, except after full trial, exempt from secret influences, and with every guarantee for indifferent justice. None of us can be seized by administrative order. None of us can be spirited away to some fate decreed in darkness so that we shall have no hope of appeal or redress and that our nearest and dearest shall not know what has become of us. Compare our securities for law and justice with the agencies required by every despotic regime ruling by force in domestic affairs—with the surveillance, the espionage, the arrests on suspicion of even thinking wrong, the secret police, the secret punishments, the partisan persecutions, the very atmosphere of compulsion and subjection; so that men and women can no longer call their souls their own and dare hardly breathe a disobedient thought even in the bosom of their families. When we fully realise again that this is one of the practical consequences of the loss of liberty, I dare to think that there are few indeed among us who would not rather die than walk in fear under any form of the new tyrannies.

Take another aspect. Take our political as well as spiritual freedom of conscience and opinion. Here 'a man may speak the thing he will', and so by double right may a woman. We have free speech, free assembly, and that free publication—for books and pamphlets also let us remember—which is the key of all the rest. In one of the splendid passages of our English prose, John Milton vindicated the liberty of unlicensed printing. To the faults and abuses of that franchise he was not blind in his day, and still less can any of us afford to be blind in ours, but he replied to doubts by an immortal answer. 'Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter?'

Evils of Censorship

You may point to the abuses and misuses of journalism in all the democratic societies. That is no doubt a serious matter. But at least we may all have the newspaper we deserve. We may buy which we please. We may buy more than one and compare them. As against the evils of a servile Press who can doubt that our balance is to the good? Under every kind of dictatorship you must have the censorship of the Press just as

much as the secret police and the liability to the wrongful seizure of your person. The very object of the censorship is to present you with newspapers which to a large extent are bound to conceal things from you instead of telling you about them. You are not allowed to learn the full facts about home affairs, much less about foreign opinion. Under the censorship you are told only what the authorities think good for you—or at least good for them. This is not only very bad but very boring. But here again, mark you, is involved the vital principle of all the new autocracies—that they must have complete power to select or suppress evidence, to stifle criticism, to regulate opinion and in a word to crush in every way the right of Opposition.

There is something else and it is possibly a deeper evil. The censorship extends to books and pamphlets just as much as to newspapers. If you are a Professor you are a man in custody—you must not teach any views but those that the authorities deem serviceable. Except in that sense you must teach the young idea how *not* to grow. If you are any kind of thinker upon human affairs and institutions—past, present or to come—you must not come to conclusions unpalatable to the authorities, or at least you must not print them. This is a barrier to the progress of human thought itself, and it is especially injurious to the interests of a peaceful development of civilisation.

For What Would We Change?

I turn now to my third and last contrast. We have, as I said, the public right of free speech and free assembly. The only restraint upon that right is that we must respect for others the freedom we claim for ourselves; and that we must not seek to interfere with the equal liberty of our neighbours. We may belong to any party or group we please. Whatever it is, we may work and organise in its support. We may hold and declare any opinion, however unpopular, and there is no other man, whether a private citizen like ourselves, or an agent of the State, who by force may seek to say us nay. No matter what our views may be, we have all a share under our self-governing system in the management of the affairs which concern our welfare and our safety. Each one of us counts, or may count, in the decision of these living and great issues; and this is the status of our free-born citizenship.

Then for what would you give it up? Would you rather live under a system where only one party is tolerated and where if you are allowed to vote at all you must vote as you are expected or it will be worse for you—where you must call 'Black' or 'White' as you are bidden—where you are ticketed, watched, controlled, ordered and restricted from the cradle to the grave? To bring it home to yourself you must remember that under every form of the new autocracies there is not only the Great Dictator at the top, but that in your district there are local bosses who have their eye on you; and you do not know who may be your local master tomorrow, for you have no longer a voice or a choice in any matter of political control. Again I need not ask whether, born and bred as we have been, we could care to live or bear to live as robots of the State under these conditions. Whatever may be the defects of our parliamentary Government and of our whole self-governing system—in a world where nothing is perfect—I think we would sooner be dead and we would be better dead, rather than exchange them for the despotic State where the autocrat, the bureaucrats, the local bosses, and their bullydom, where the secret police, the spying, the exposure to unequal law and to partisan injustice, where the whole stifling suppression, as we should feel it, of free movement and free opinion, must all go together.

There is no question which system is the better for some celebrated things—for justice and tolerance, for wider sympathies and understandings; for truth and knowledge themselves whose advancement must always depend on unfettered enquiry and unfearing statement; for the progress of human thought, for the fullest unfolding of human personality and capacity; for all that has been associated with sweetness and light in the development of civilisation; and for peace itself. If these things are indeed, as they have been hitherto accounted, the highest possessions of mind and soul, then liberty is the best boon not only for ourselves but for mankind and the world. By every moral and by every intellectual test, freedom on trial receives her triumphant vindication.

But we know that we can no longer leave it there. Amidst this

bristling and clanking array which is displayed by the present scene of the world, the moral and intellectual tests are not the only tests. There are those other nations which have ceased to share our English-speaking standards. There are those other societies where everything else is subordinated to the organisation of power and whose systems of dictatorship give them special advantages for the increase of power. They protest that in their eyes, and by comparison with their own Communist or super-patriotic ideals, our democratic way of life is not freedom proper but anarchy for all purposes which concern the efficiency and strength of the whole State. If we are to be true, and wisely true, to our own cause we shall look this counter-charge in the face and recognise some elements of perception it contains with respect to our present habits and methods. There is no doubt that by contrast with the other systems some of our weaknesses appear more pronounced and more disadvantageous than they have ever been before. We are apt to think more of doing what we like than of doing what we ought. In a word, we are apt to put our rights before our duties, and so far before our duties as to forget that under any sound system of society the enjoyment of rights should depend upon the fulfilment of duties. But the chief practical weakness of our freedom is of another kind, and it is revealed in a more searching light than ever before by comparison with the organised systems under the new Cæsars or Tsars. On the one hand those systems have a redoubtable similarity in this respect, and that is in the iron unification of their States and peoples for their collective purposes, whether Communist or National. On the other hand, we in this country are allowed an unlimited liberty of dissension. We preserve to the full, whatever Government may be in office, that very right of Opposition which has been so widely crushed elsewhere, and we exercise that right with a vigour which makes it hard for Britain to establish any common policy at all; even for safeguarding that historic freedom whereby all our parties have sprung into being and which is their common interest to maintain. In these times, the vital question at the back of it all is, and will be, not what Freedom is worth to us but what we are still worth to Freedom.

The Spirit of Cromwell's Soldier

On this day of Shakespeare and St. George, there is nothing in these questions to daunt us if we take heed. There is nothing in these weaknesses which cannot be repaired if we have the will to it and take steps betimes. The innate fibre of the race is as tough as ever; its spirit capable of being raised as high. In the cause of this national freedom of ours equally vital to us all, we have but to conduct our public life, in peace and for the surer preservation of peace and liberty alike, with something more of the earnestness and determination of Cromwell's soldier of whom it was said that he 'knows what he fights for, and loves what he knows'. By comparison with the new conditions and the rise of the massive systems which reject our ideas of Government and party and the right of opposition, our democracy requires in its turn a higher degree of unity and of leadership. What of them? When we think once more of what all parties in this country owe to Freedom we may agree that there is no land on earth where a higher inducement exists for a nation to unite in order that the strength and security of its foundations as compared with the new Cæsars shall never be diminished. And democracy in its way depends on leadership just as much as any of the controlled societies which subject everything to a Dictator. If the vision and energy of democratic leadership and the unity of our country on the main thing in hand are combined with a living faith in all that liberty means to a great nation, and with full pride in a tradition that of its kind is long and glorious beyond all rivalry, there is nothing that those other systems can achieve which will exceed our capacity; and our undoubted trusteeship for freedom on this side of the Atlantic will be safe in our hands.

Some day, though we cannot guess the day, the tide will swing back again. There will be a revolt against the reaction. There will be an uprising and insurgence of the reason and aspirations of man against the abnormal regime which demand the submission of body and soul. If we are but as strong as our forefathers in the possession and defence of our heritage, we have only to hold fast and hold on.

The Architect of Regent Street

By P. MORTON SHAND

MR. SUMMERSON has achieved the seemingly impossible. He has written a biography* of one of the few outstanding English architects which makes excellent reading for the layman and contains everything about his work that the most conscientious architectural student could reasonably demand. Considered as criticism, *John Nash, Architect to King George IV* is the most important book on English architecture that has appeared for two generations. It is not claiming too much for it to say that it has international significance.

We are introduced to Nash as 'one of the few architects whose lives are worth exploring beyond their relationship to artistic output. For his art and his personality are not separable as they tend to be in the case of most major artists'. With what for Mr. Summerson's exacting scholarship are 'the merest fragments of evidence'—for though Nash has only been

Pavilion and Buckingham Palace. Seven years later he was made Deputy-Surveyor General, the plum of his profession, in the much solicited place of Wyatt by direct intervention of the Prince Regent.

As Mr. Summerson very rightly insists, Nash's chief title to fame for posterity is what he achieved as an *urbaniste*. 'He grasped the essentials of town-planning as nobody else had done, the social as well as the economic and æsthetic aspects. . . . Nash stands on the threshold of modern town-planning, not as a pioneer, but as a personality emerging naturally from a concurrence of historical phenomena'.

The Georgians did not conceive of a town as a unity, and therefore made no attempt to plan it as a whole. They were content to set up fine buildings and dignified squares here and there much as they planted splendidly isolated trees and compact clumps in their country parks. But with the turn of

the century came a change of mentality and a desire for greater civic order and coherence in emulation of France and Italy. The rising generation placed neatness on a large scale before stateliness on a small. For Nash the hundreds of new London houses sprouting up over Middlesex fields 'were just so many uniform cells over which architecture could be deployed'. The eighteenth century had been content to emphasise its long uniform brick terraces—if at all—by simple features at the ends and in the middle (*i.e.* Adam in the Adelphi). Nash calmly divorced his sweeping facades from any direct formal relation to the structure and floor plan of the separate houses constituting them, leaving the loosest sort of articulation between fronts and backs. His essentially scenic conception of urban architecture as a background to social life is boldly proclaimed in his defence of continuous arcades along Regent Street:

'The balustrades over the colonnades

will form balconies to the lodging-rooms over the shops, from which the occupiers can see and converse with those passing in carriages underneath, which will add to the gaiety of the scene, and induce single men and others, who only visit town occasionally, to give preference to such lodgings'.

and in his advocacy of letting the Regent's Canal (in which, it is true, he was very heavily interested) pass through the north of Regent's Park as

'a grand and novel feature of the metropolis. Many persons would consider boats and barges passing along the canal as enlivening the scenery, provided the bargemen were prevented landing in the parks'.

Regent's Park begins supremely well, but peters out to the north in a waste of almost featureless space. It suffers from the omission of the villas set in avenues Nash planned for its central area and his complementary terraces along its northern confines. St. James's Park, which he found a sumpy tract divided up the middle by a rectangular formal canal, he transformed into the embryo of what we know it as; choosing the trees and shrubs himself, and employing his own gardener from East Cowes Castle.

If Nash had built nothing but Regent Street he would still have London in his debt as no other single architect has ever done, or had the chance to do. But the credit for that clean cut through semi-slums must be shared with the remarkable Scot who in 1786 had become the first Surveyor-General of His Majesty's Land Revenue. John Fordyce's first official action was to ask the Treasury's consent for making an accurate map of the whole of the Crown Estates in London so that all grants or renewals of leases could be considered in the light



The Banqueting Room of the Royal Pavilion, Brighton, about 1825. The nearest seated figure on the right-hand side of the table is Nash himself. An aquatint, probably by Pugin

dead a century there is no longer any means of discovering some of the most important facts about his life—he has preferred to give us 'an indistinct rather than a prejudiced picture'. But in spite of tantalising gaps he has succeeded in evoking a singularly firm and convincing silhouette of a man of very complex character, and no one master passion.

His mind was not formed for concentration on abstract problems of design; designing sometimes amused but never engrossed him. He liked to be at the centre of gravity of a big undertaking, juggling with manifold responsibilities. For, as his most relentless enemy, Sir Joseph Yorke, declared in the House of Commons, 'he was certainly a great speculator'. It was his appointment as one of the architects to the Department of Woods and Forests in 1806 which first set him in the way of becoming a speculative builder; and as such, paradoxically enough, he rendered his greatest services to town-planning and urban architecture. 'The opportunist in him was constantly awake and watching for his cue'. If we only knew a little more of its circumstances we could risk pronouncing his candidature for this appointment a knight's move. In 1806 he was making a very good income as an architect of large country houses. Yet he deliberately threw up this rising practice to accept a relatively obscure official post that entailed an immense amount of dull but strenuous routine work and brought him in just £200 a year—out of which he had to pay his assistant. But that appointment led—or rather Nash made it lead—to Marylebone (Regent's) Park, 'The New (Regent) Street', Carlton House Terrace, Royal favour, the Brighton

**John Nash, Architect to King George IV*. By John Summerson. Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.



Rockingham, near Boyle, Co. Roscommon, built by Nash for the first Viscount Lorton of Boyle about 1810. A water-colour, probably by George Repton



Regent Street, from the Quadrant end, as it appeared about 1823. From a water-colour, probably by J. Pennethorne, in the possession of Mrs. Pennethorne

Illustrations from 'John Nash, Architect to King George IV'

of a co-ordinated scheme of (Nash's favourite phrase) 'Metropolitan Improvements'. As early as 1809 Fordyce had suggested a new north-south thoroughfare from Marylebone to Westminster, 70 feet wide. But Nash's opportunism saw much greater possibilities in this proposal than a very necessary piece of road-making. He realised that the trace of the new thoroughfare should provide, to use his own words,

a boundary and complete separation between the streets and squares occupied by the Nobility and Gentry, and the narrow streets and meaner houses occupied by mechanics and the trading part of the community.

Such a frontier, in some measure, it still remains in spite of the egregious vulgarisation it suffered when rebuilt. Regent Street 'functioned organically and simply' from the first.

With characteristic optimism Nash estimated that the adopted plan (the second and cheapest of the three he submitted in 1813, all of which were 'a common subject for laughter' among his fellow-architects) would cost £337,637 18s. 1d. By 1819, when only about half the sites had been taken up, over a million had been spent, a not inconsiderable part of which had been directly or indirectly found by Nash. He himself took up the lease of every plot in the Quadrant, its construction being financed by a group of tradesmen, each of whom was pledged to take one or more of the houses at cost price plus a 5 per cent. commission to the architect. This brilliant expedient meant that these tradesmen paid each other for all the work done (though Nash advanced them £60,000 out of his own pocket), the inducement being that their professional services were to be adequately employed.

Nash's conception of street architecture as the necessary *décor* for a gaily civilised urban life expanded in proportion as 'The New Street' began to assume form and substance. As letting developed and buildings had to be envisaged in terms of actual design, 'logical unity was sacrificed, but consecutive coherence and that variety within unity which is the essence of good street design was achieved'. The style he employed is so mixed and variable as to be almost impossible of analysis. 'Its basis was a somewhat undisciplined Palladianism which readily coalesced with themes borrowed from Soane, romantic inventions of his own, or affectations from contemporary Paris'.

Yet this romantic element in Regent Street is of cardinal importance in arriving at a just estimate of Nash's place in the history of both English and European architecture.

Nash, the artist, says Mr Summerson, was born of those two great complementary influences of the eighteenth century, classicism and romanticism: the pursuit of 'reason' (nearer to materialism than rationalism) and the involuntary escape from it; the urge to close an avenue with a portico and the urge to let the avenue wind out of sight.

In a page unforgettable as writing, which is likely to be as final a judgment as the best criticism of any age can hope to be, Mr. Summerson weighs the balance between what Regent Street was to the Victorians—who made Nash, 'the embodiment of all the nineteenth century hated in the eighteenth', a convenient architectural scapegoat for the moral turpitudes of the First Gentleman in Europe—and 'the fiction of elegance, dignity and urbanity', into which our own age has exalted its 'noble ghost'.

As an architect Nash cannot for a moment be compared with his great contemporary Soane. Describing the Brighton Pavilion, Mr. Summerson observes with a mordant wit which he never allows to override dispassionate consideration that 'the ornaments are scarcely more extravagant than those of the roundabouts at Hampstead; for singularity it has long ago been surpassed by the White City; and for richness it compares unfavourably with the Granada Cinema at Tooting'. The triumphal arches of Chester Terrace, Regent's Park, are 'as badly detailed as a piece of realism in a provincial production of Julius Cæsar'.

If Nash 'found London all brick and left it all plaster', very little of his elegant stucco now remains. Mr. Summerson's suggestion, that the north side of Suffolk Street, Haymarket, should be preserved 'as a permanent reminder of Nash's London and those elusive qualities which cannot be recorded pictorially' and 'the most characteristic piece of his architecture surviving', ought to receive wide and active support. I would like to urge a similar plea for that humble but charming little oasis east of Albany Street now called Munster Square—already 'scheduled for redevelopment' by H.M. Office of Works.

Model Shelter for Taximen

Mrs. Wharrie, a local resident, has presented the Hampstead Borough Council with a shelter for taximen, complete with 'the latest modern conveniences'. The shelter is a wood-framed building faced externally with elm weather boarding, and contains a taximen's dining-room for eleven men, an electrically-equipped kitchen and a coffee-stall with a counter for the public. The architects are Messrs. Scott, Chesterton and Shepherd, designers of the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre at Stratford-on-Avon, and there is a fine piece of mosaic on the floor of the coffee-stall designed by John Cooper and carried out by the Central Decorative Craftsmen



Town-Planning

Thought for Tomorrow

By G. M. BOUMPHREY

Part of the concluding talk summing up the 'Ripe for Development' series, broadcast in the Midland programme on April 17

ABOUT a hundred years ago—think of it, only a hundred years ago—the coming of railways brought about an immense concentration of industry in the towns. No one had had any experience in the sort of mass housing that was called for, and anyway nobody cared how people were housed so long as they were near their work. Money was what everyone was after. And so all round our big towns—London, Birmingham, Manchester—there grew up a completely unplanned muddle of slums and factories. Eventually public indignation was roused, and from about 1840 a series of Sanitary and Public Health Acts did just a very little to improve living conditions. The great Public Health Act of 1875, with its model by-laws, was a great advance in many ways. It did at least prescribe the size of rooms, the amount of space behind the house and the width of road in front. But it led to the most ghastly town-planning—or at least absence of planning. All those immensely long terraces of little houses, stuck side by side, only interrupted by cross-roads, are by-law housing. Their standardised road width of 36 feet was too narrow for a through-traffic route, and unnecessarily wide and expansive as access to the houses themselves. The general effect, as anyone can tell who will take the trouble to walk down one today, is unutterably drab and depressing.

The next stage in the history of our towns was an attempt to get away from them. The towns

chief fault to be found with Howard's teaching, and with the whole garden-city or garden-suburb idea, is that it has led us to look on our older towns as incurably evil.

It is only in the last hundred years that the towns have become things to be ashamed of and to despair of. Until the nineteenth century fouled them, towns were the things men were really proud of; they stood for civilisation. In the eighteenth century, just before the industrial age began, there was a strong wave of enthusiasm for planning and building beautiful towns. Parts of Bath and Buxton, Edinburgh and London, remain today to show us what beautiful things towns



The industrialisation of England a hundred years ago brought the drab and depressing slum as well as the elegantly planned terraces of the residential neighbourhoods



Photos: Aerofilms

were horrible; the villages and the country lovely. Therefore let us build imitation country villages. Bournville, the first garden suburb, began in 1879. Port Sunlight a few years later. Then came Ebenezer Howard's book *Tomorrow*, and his 'Three Magnets' (which were illustrated in *THE LISTENER* published on March 27); the town evil, the country good; the town-country (or garden-city) obviously the thing to go for. Now, Ebenezer Howard has been criticised a great deal lately for the horrible results that have followed from his teaching, and not altogether fairly. It is necessary to draw a sharp line between the garden-city and the garden-suburb. It was the garden-city which he chiefly advocated, a separate, detached unit, never to be allowed to grow beyond a certain size—thirty thousand inhabitants was his figure. After that it was to increase by the founding of satellite garden-cities. There is a great deal to be said for garden-cities, though not architecturally. It is the garden-suburb, stuck on to the edge of the old town, which is causing so much trouble. The

could be. We have got to recapture that spirit, blotted out temporarily by the craze for money-making, before we can hope to do anything worth calling town-planning. Our towns are dirty and ugly and inefficient, but there is no longer reason why they should be any of these things. They can be made places of beauty, better to live in than the country for three people out of four.

But let me bring my sketch of them up to date. Just as the garden-city idea had caught on thoroughly in the early years of this century, a completely new and unexpected factor was added to town-planning—motor transport. No one realised what a difference this was going to

make. It altered the whole town-planning situation more completely than most town-planners have realised even today. In particular it upset many of the arguments in favour of garden suburb development.

In the first place the garden-city idea of open development at twelve houses to the acre was calculated to allow tenants gardens big enough to grow fruit and vegetables for their own use, with a surplus over which they could sell. Life forty or fifty years ago was a much more stationary affair; when a man got home in an evening or at a weekend, he generally stayed there. And what healthier and better occupation was there than gardening? People living in large towns had few chances of getting far into the country, so let their own homes be as countryfied as possible. It was a fine idea then. But look at it today. With cheap motor transport, all but the poorest can get easily and quickly into the country—or could, if our urban and suburban roads were up to their work. People spend far less time in their homes and gardens. It is by no means every-

one who wants to garden; cinemas, wireless, cheap transport here, there and everywhere are attractive alternatives to many. Then look at the result open development has had on town-planning. Suburbs have spread out far round our towns. Men arrive home too late and too tired with their journey to think of gardening. Central Education Classes are often hopelessly out of reach for the same reason.

And now how are we to replan our towns? In the case of the larger ones, with a population of over 100,000, they must be allowed to grow no bigger. If they must expand, let them follow the example of Manchester at Wythenshawe, and form satellite towns, separated from them by a stretch of open country. It should be widely known that in a town size does



Stages in housing reform: garden-city planning as exemplified at Port Sunlight—

Léver Bros.

not mean cheaper public services. As soon as they exceed about 50,000 the rates begin to go up. One hundred thousand should be looked upon as the absolute maximum. This gives an ample supply of labour for the fluctuations of various industries and is large enough to support those cultural centres which a town should include. And that reminds me of another failing of the over-big town; it is too big to have a healthy community spirit of its own. We have heard a good deal about the presence or absence of this in villages. In the big towns it is very largely lacking among the bulk of the population, though certain sections may still have something of it. But on the whole, as soon as our towns became things to avoid, so that the richer or more cultured classes began to live away from them, the healthy community spirit began to weaken. That is a thing we can hope to revive again when we make the towns fit to live in once more.

Not only must the big towns grow no bigger; they must be condensed—more space must be brought into them, more light and air and open ground. At least twice the present area must be devoted to roads; with more in reserve if necessary. There seems to me only one way in which all this extra space can be gained without spreading the towns wider yet—flats. Now I know that there is a great prejudice in the Midlands against flats, and I know as well as anyone that there is good reason for it. But I do beg all those who feel strongly about them to try to clear their minds of preconceived ideas.

In the first place let me make it clear that I am not thinking of sky-scrapers, certainly nothing for housing purposes higher than 9 or 10 storeys—and quite possibly 5 or 6. Secondly, I fully realise that lifts, operated by attendants, must be provided, so that the old arguments about children, elderly people and invalids having to climb stairs do not apply. Thirdly, no flats on the plan I recommend have yet been built in this country. Put out of your minds all thoughts of square blocks, with flats facing out all round them and noisy

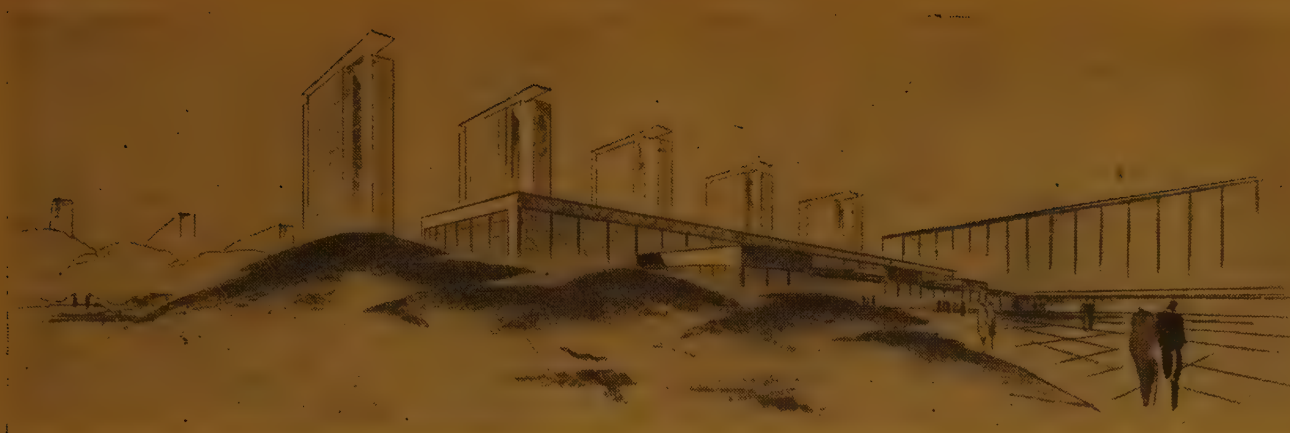
shadowy courtyards in the centre. Think instead of lines of buildings, curving slightly perhaps to fit the site, between gardens, parks and other open spaces. These buildings would be only one flat thick, and they would stand 80 or 100 yards apart. They would run roughly north and south, so as to get the morning sun on one face and the afternoon on the other. That gives the best possible aspect. There can be no argument about it—it is the best possible aspect, and every flat would have it. The ground floors would usually be occupied by such things as shops and garages. Above that level there could be no overlooking at all—with the nearest building a hundred yards away. So much for the privacy of flats compared with cottages—which are generally overlooked from several quarters. As to quietness, you will have to take it from me that there is now no technical difficulty in building floors, walls and ceilings to cut off all reasonable sounds—even pianos and loudspeakers. They would be far quieter than cottages. Each block would have its own narrow service-road, connecting with the main traffic routes at the ends. 'And what are the rents going to be?' you will ask. 'Flats cost more to build than cottages'. They do at the moment—about 40 per cent. more. For years we have been concentrating on getting the cost of cottages down to the lowest possible figure. Flats of this type have hardly been touched. I have been into the question very carefully with various experts and they tell me that given equal chances, the figure for flats could undoubtedly be brought down close to the other. In any case, flats offer other savings which more than offset their higher capital cost. Their upkeep is far less. The saving in heating water for the whole block, over the cost to each flat for heating its own, works out at more than twice the sum needed to instal and operate the lifts; and there



—and a new satellite town at Wythenshawe

Photos: Acroflms

are other communal advantages, such as wash-houses, which save the tenant money. Finally, with a rational town-plan, a great deal of money could be saved on fares to and from work. It has been reckoned that in one big new suburb 16,000 people have to spend 10s. a week and 2½ hours a day (or nearly half their leisure time, excluding meals) in travelling. I do not know of any case quite as bad in the Midlands, but Kingstanding is quite bad enough. No, for the big towns over 100,000, where reduction in size and extensive opening up are, as I see it, absolutely essential, flats must be used. The argument that the Englishman doesn't like flats is answered by the fact that, where they are available, flats are being eagerly snapped up by the richer classes—the very people that can afford to choose—and those flats are not to be compared with the type I am advocating. It is not suggested that a whole town should be put into flats; for those who want gardens there would be almost twice the amount of



Drawing of projected flats by Serge Chermayeff and Erich Mendelsohn

ground available for them that there is today. Again, by no means all the buildings inside the towns are dwellings; many of them are used for offices and that sort of thing. What is the objection to putting them into flats?

And now, if you will grant me a certain number of lines of flats of the type I have described, what can be done to make our big towns fit to live in and fit to look at? The all-important thing is that by using flats enough open space could be gained to make proper planning possible. This cannot be done under present conditions. Many a local authority has found this out when trying to plan even a small slum area of a few acres and being held up by some small block of property that cannot be swept aside. Given space, the complete replanning needed would be possible. Something like two-thirds of the total area would gradually become vacant. All this may sound very drastic; but even at the present rate of replanning, London and our other big towns look like being almost completely rebuilt within a century. Are they to be no better than they are now?

The main plan would be worked out on the traffic routes, road and rail. The ideal form for the road-system of a large town is probably the spider's web—radial roads from the centre and a series of interconnecting roughly circular roads. There must be a clearly-marked industrial zone, presumably to the north-east, so that our prevailing south-west wind can carry the smoke and fumes away, though there should not be much of those in the industry of the future. There will also be business, cultural and residential zones. The important thing to think of in trying to visualise this town of the future is how small a proportion of the ground would be built on—certainly not more than 10 per cent. in the residential quarters. And even at this, with six-storey buildings, our big towns could be gradually reduced to a third of their present area and yet hold the same population under far better conditions of living. Would anyone except the speculative builder regret seeing the green fields creep gradually back within reach of the city child?

But that is looking a very long way ahead. What is to be done today? If any town-planning authority were to submit a really adequate scheme, it would fail to get the assent of the Minister of Health. The only power that *will* bring it about is the power of public opinion—and public opinion has hardly been stirred so far beyond saving a few old cottages and beauty spots. If it will face the facts, and realise the possibilities, things can be done. They are not just dreams. We have the technical knowledge. There are probably six men in England today who could remodel our big towns on the lines I have suggested. And what about the cost? Here I consider general opinion is badly at fault. If we could only realise what we are wasting, we should see that we can afford to replan. Of course, slum-rebuilding is expensive if we rebuild only small patches, leaving the district as a whole hardly better than when we began. The truth is that good town-planning always seems to pay, even without allowing for its less calculable factors. Joseph Chamberlain's plan for New Street and Corporation Street cost Birmingham about £1½ millions, but would anybody today deny that it was worth doing—many

times over? It will be interesting to see how soon Leicester's new street, Charles Street, will have paid for itself.

Well, so much for the big towns. What of the smaller ones? Here, again, we must try and form a clear idea of what we want. There was a saying in the ancient world that no town should be so big that its inhabitants could not get to the open country on their own legs. The saying is a good one. Parks and public gardens are no substitute for the real country. Only from the real thing can we draw those intangible comforts that we all need at times—real country given up to agriculture, its proper use, instead of being marred by the houses of those trying to escape from the ugliness of the towns. Our aim should be to attract these people back by making the towns fit to live in. This will not be done by continuing our present policy of open development, twelve little houses to the acre. It can only be done by taking up civic design where the eighteenth century left it and carrying it on to suit modern conditions. The only way to make a beautiful town is to look upon the street, and not the individual house, as the principal unit. Today many people believe that housing at more to the acre than twelve is unhealthy—and almost all our legislation is framed as though that were so. It is complete nonsense. Twenty or thirty houses to the acre can be every bit as healthy if they are properly planned. Today these things can be determined with almost scientific accuracy. The real factors to consider are the orientation of the road, which gives the aspect of the house and the angle of light-interference from the houses opposite. If we are ever to have gracious and lovely towns again, fit to live in, we must reserve open development for its proper purpose—that of suiting the comparatively few keen gardeners. The rest will be satisfied with small gardens or with none if their houses are faced by generous public gardens as they should be. And so, by housing in larger units, the almost forgotten art of civic design will be revived again—after a hundred years. Our present dismal idea that individuality and variety in house design lead to beauty of the whole will fade away. Surely we are beginning to see through it now? As to the size, I showed earlier on that a population of 100,000 is about the maximum a town should be allowed to reach. Built as a town and not as a hotch-potch of detached cottages, and allowing a proper proportion of ground for industries and open spaces, this would fall easily within a two-mile circle. If expansion is necessary, satellite towns should be founded five miles or so away.

And the country? I have already dealt indirectly with that. I am convinced that the only way to save the country is by making the towns fit to live in. We can work for a centralised planning authority to unify the work of all the various public bodies at present so much at variance with each other. We can hope for a development of taste among our local authorities and a more workable measure than the 1932 Town Planning Act. But in the main it must be through the towns that we look for improvement. When we see clearly that our towns are bad, when we realise that the ghastly muddle which we have inherited from the industrial age and earlier can and must be cleared up, then we shall be well on the way towards saving both town and country.

The Way to God

Christ's Power Today

By Canon C. E. RAVEN

IT is evident that the claim of the last talk* is not of itself conclusive. There will be many who will urge that its picture of the evidence is one-sided: 'No doubt', they will say, 'by selecting particular elements, periods and people, out of Christian history, you can show that Christ's work has done much good: what about the harm that it has also done?' Others will perhaps admit that it has exercised a moulding, and on the whole beneficent, influence upon the past: they will say, 'We grant that Christianity was well-suited to modify the character, soften the harshness and educate the sensibilities of earlier and less enlightened ages'. Both these objectors will unite to insist that whatever its value in previous times, the crucial question is whether it can any longer deserve the allegiance of mankind. 'Is it not true', they will ask, 'that our whole knowledge of the universe, and of human history and psychology, has been so profoundly changed as to put all the old world of ideas out of date?'

If we are to survey the position in our own day, there are certain warnings that must be borne in mind. We are perhaps no longer as sure as we were ten years ago that we are living in a brave new world. Nor are we quite so ready to reject anything that existed before the War on that ground alone. Nor is there such eagerness to renounce authority and to challenge traditional standards of belief and morals. But we are still suffering from the effects of the disaster, from the loss and wastage of human lives, from political and economic insecurity, and from a consequent pessimism that comes near to despair. This general temper is not less prevalent in religion than in other spheres of life. A situation which has strained man's political and economic structures almost to the breaking-point tests not less severely his religious institutions. There have been moments for most of us when we have felt that organised Christianity could not adjust itself to the intellectual and practical needs of the time. The wonder, to me, is not that the Church should have been exposed to severe criticism or driven to penitence, but that in circumstances of such difficulty it should have made such remarkable progress.

Let us take the three marks of the power of Christ which we noted in the last talk—the unifying of mankind in the service of the one God, the transformation of individuals by the influence of Christ, and the reform of society in accordance with His Spirit—and study them in the light of the broad movements of our time.

'The League of Nations Needs a Soul'

The outbreak of the World War disclosed the reality, even if it also disclosed the weakness, of world unity. It proved that, as a result of the exploration and opening up of all countries and of their mutual dependence, no one of the great nations could act without producing effects upon all the rest. Christians, commissioned to a world-wide fellowship and penitent for their failure to rise above a merely national patriotism, have realised their responsibility for maintaining an allegiance in which racial and national loyalties are transcended. The League of Nations needs a soul. Only on the basis of men's deepest experience can they reach a union that will endure. Only as they are agreed in their views of the meaning and character of the good life can they hope to co-operate for its attainment. Moreover, unless political agreements can be reinforced by personal fellowship, there can be little hope of their enduring when selfish passions run high. Hence there has been a general awakening of the desire for a deeper unity both among existing Christians and by the extension of Christianity among those at present outside its influence. The response of the Churches to the need for human unity shows itself in the movement for reunion and in the quickening of missionary effort.

The former of these is, I know only too well, an intensely controversial subject: and those of us who are impatient in seeking to advance it no doubt deserve the rebukes that we

receive. The divisions of Christendom have not arisen wantonly: they have a long history and concern principles on which men rightly have strong feelings. To sacrifice conviction to expediency or to sentiment would be to betray a trust. To unite, except upon a basis of genuine fellowship and agreement, would be to invite future disruption. Yet the need for unity is manifest. How can any Christian expect the nations to come to agreement, when the Churches cannot even meet to discuss their common cause? How can he proclaim the law of love, when he is exposed to the taunt 'see how these Christians love one another'? We may have to move slowly: but we belie our profession unless we are striving to move as fast as we can.

In fact, as compared with any other period since the Reformation, the past fifteen years have seen a movement both rapid and general. The Lambeth appeal of 1920, the re-union of the Presbyterian churches in Scotland, the re-union of Methodism, the South India scheme, the Lausanne Conference—these are concrete evidence of the extent of that movement: and they could be supplemented by a long tale of conversations and negotiations, of delegations and fraternal visits. Moreover, apart from official action, the relations between the denominations have improved to a degree that before the War would have seemed impossible. Not only do members of all the Churches constantly appear upon a common platform; but many of us have addressed meetings and taken services for almost all the denominations, and that without any sense of restraint or insincerity. Already I believe there is a conviction that a real spiritual unity exists, that the points that separate us do not really divide; and that though formal re-union must not be hurried, it is much less remote than we commonly suppose, and is perhaps less important than the co-operation which we are already achieving.

Christian Evangelism Today

So in its missionary work, although the upheavals and dislocation and the financial stress occasioned by war have hampered its efforts, Christian evangelism has developed greatly, both in its unity and in its methods. Few, if any, of the many conferences of recent years have been so impressive as the meeting of the International Missionary Council at Jerusalem in 1928. Its testimony to the scope and character of the Christian fellowship showed that a new and most hopeful age had begun. Delegates from every race and country—from Korea to Brazil and from Scandinavia to New Zealand—made it in truth a 'parliament of man'. These represented not isolated mission-stations, but Christian communities, growing up into full and indigenous life and contributing each its special gifts to a world-wide Christian commonwealth. For myself I do not believe that even the Acts of the Apostles contains a story more miraculous or more significant than the present-day records of the world-wide Church.

Such proof of the unity of mankind in Christ carries with it proof that His ancient power to set men free from slavery to selfishness and sin is no less active today than of old. In this age of machinery such proof is peculiarly precious. For when the individual is regimented and standardised in the interests of political necessity or economic efficiency, there is real danger that the subtle personal qualities, the freedom and initiative, of men and women may be destroyed. Certainly many of us, conscious that we are in the grip of ruthless and impersonal forces, that we are compelled to live in a herd, that our ideas are dictated by propaganda and our liberties invaded by regulation, dread the fate of Frankenstein for ourselves and our civilisation. To discover that we can still be free spirits, able to break our fetters and fulfil our dreams, is a sorely-needed lesson.

It must be admitted that until lately Christians, in England at any rate, had begun to lose faith in the possibility of conversion. Fear of emotionalism, intellectual honesty, caution

*'Christ's Power in History'. Printed in THE LISTENER of April 10

and commonsense held us back from facing the clear-cut alternative, Christ or self. We could not simplify the issue. By the time we had finished warning ourselves that we must not give way to sentimentality, or go beyond what we could logically accept, or expect any sudden or violent change, there was no room for whole-souled surrender. We did not venture to present the demands or to believe the promises of Christ; and were too often content with a lukewarm and compromising discipleship.

Need for Corporate Christian Activity

Recently for a variety of reasons a new note of conviction and of challenge has come back into the Church's message. For my own part I would pay tribute to the work of Dr. Buchman and of the Groups for encouraging us to a fresh confidence. Even those most critical of some features of their work will, I think, admit that they have vindicated for us the life-changing influence of Christ, and shown how a rebirth of forgiveness and joy and fellowship is still as possible as of old. But their work does not by any means stand alone. Similar signs and movements of revival can be found in other bodies and with different methods. Indeed, many a simple priest or minister could testify to conversions not less dramatic or permanent. Where Christ is faithfully preached, such signs follow. In these days of depression we can no longer take a shallow view of sin, or trust complacently in progress and ourselves. We are recovering a sense of need and of guilt—and giving opportunity for the saving grace of God.

Vital as is the winning of individual lives, there is today, more perhaps than in any previous age, need that Christians should develop corporate activity. For the evils of our time are due not solely to the ill-will of particular people, but to social conditions for which indeed we are all collectively responsible, but which no one of us by himself has caused or can cure. With the development of industrialism and mass-production each one of us has become dependent for the supply of his needs upon the co-operative effort of a world-wide multitude of men and women. Slums and overcrowding, exploitation and sweated labour, financial speculation and manipulated propaganda, these are evils which too often accompany our civilisation; evils before which the private citizen stands helpless; evils which play havoc with human lives. There are still some Christians who would say that these things are not their concern, that material welfare, political justice and economic righteousness do not condition or affect spiritual life, and that in any case the only remedy for them is to press on with the task of converting individuals. For myself, I confess, such an opinion seems a counsel of despair. If the Church has nothing to say about war and money-making, about Hoxton or the Stock Exchange, then I should admit that the claim of Christ cannot be fully maintained. But if I read Christian history aright, or know anything of the Christian outlook of today, acquiescence in corporate evil never has been the true mind of the Church.

Certainly of recent years nothing is more evident than that Christians are realising more clearly every day their responsibility in these matters. If Christ is Lord, then He must be Lord of all life; and nothing human can properly be set outside His sovereignty. Nor can the individual be content to confine his religion to his private affairs. He is a citizen and a consumer as well as a church-member; and if his life is to be worthy of his creed, it must be 'all of a piece'. He cannot shut his eyes to his responsibility for international, industrial and social righteousness, or allow politics and business to adopt ethical standards that conflict with Christian principles.

In consequence a general movement has arisen in all the Churches for study and action in regard to corporate problems. We may illustrate it by reference to three of its outstanding developments.

Until the War, interest in the maintenance of peace as a corollary of Christian discipleship was almost confined to members of the Society of Friends. Since its end, the conviction that 'war as a method of settling international disputes is incompatible with the teaching and example of our Lord Jesus Christ' has been endorsed by the bishops of the Church of England and would be accepted by the majority of Christians.

In consequence the World Alliance for promoting international friendship through the Churches, the League of Nations Union, the Fellowship of Reconciliation and other Peace Societies have enlisted a great measure of support. Both by pledging themselves to take no part in war and by active efforts to remove its causes, Christians have striven to lift the cloud of fear which hangs over Europe, or at least to vindicate their own loyalty to the Prince of Peace. Much remains to be done in defining the principles of the Christian attitude towards war, in arousing the conscience of the Churches, and in developing lines of action; but the past fifteen years have seen a remarkable movement.

At home, one of the most urgent of our tasks has been the housing of the people—not merely the overtaking of the shortage created by the War, but the clearance of the great areas of slumland. The obligation rests upon us all: but Christians for whom the home and family are a primary concern have a special duty. Both by active interest in national and local schemes, and in many cities and towns by forming Christian societies for the building or renovation of houses, the duty of such service has been laid upon most congregations. It would be absurd to claim that all professing Church-members are alive to the need of doing their best to meet it: but that a significant change has taken place could hardly be doubted. The attitude which is content to ask 'Am I my brother's keeper?' or to assign the whole business to the Government is fast disappearing.

Unemployment and the Churches

So too in our other great problem, that of unemployment. Among the many agencies at work, Christians acting from avowedly religious motives have been responsible for many of the most valuable experiments. Settlements like Maes-yr-haf and Bryn Mawr, centres such as are run by many Churches, camps like those organised by the Universities Council represent some part of what is being done. Nor is it only that they desire to palliate the evil by checking the demoralisation and reviving the hopes of its victims. Rather they believe that leisure, whether voluntary or enforced, should be used for the enrichment of life; that those who have anything in the way of interests or skill should be willing to share it; and that in developing the capabilities of others they are ministering in a definitely Christian service.

The awakening of a social consciousness among Christians has done much to strengthen their unity. Even before the War the Churches under the leadership of men like Father Plater and Bishop Gore had established the principle of interdenominational action in social problems. Nowadays, when their members meet constantly and when councils of Christian congregations have been established almost everywhere, a close fellowship is being created. Men of different sects find themselves drawn into co-operation and friendship. They discover and express their unity. Old rivalries become impossible; old barriers cease to divide. The power of Christ urging them to service urges them also to reunion.

It is thus that the tragic difficulties of our times can become opportunities; and depression can give way to hope. Faced with dangers which otherwise would seem overwhelming, we find fresh and manifest evidence of the power of Christ to unite and inspire and employ us. As we take up the tasks of discipleship we discover its resources—the need to deepen our own consecration, the need to widen the scope of our service, the need to identify ourselves with others who serve the same Lord. Certainly those who have studied the history of religion during these recent years will find much to encourage them. We stand too near to the events to estimate their significance. Our dreams are so much richer than our achievements that we may well be impatient and dejected. But I believe that in no period in its history have there been so large, so rapid and so far-reaching changes in the life of Christendom as those which are now taking place; and that those changes demonstrate once more the Christian claim that Christ is the Way, the Truth and the Life—the Way towards world-wide unity, the Truth which alone can enlighten and inspire the individual, the Life which consists in the perfect freedom of self-surrendered service.

Filming Plants and Animals

Cinematography and the Microscope

By A PATHOLOGIST

I AM going to talk on rather an unusual aspect of cinematography and to tell you something about the way in which the smallest objects of living matter visible under the microscope can be seen on the screen and their movements and growth recorded.

This method has a wide application in research. In fact almost any living microscopic object—plant or animal—can form a subject. The amoeba and other animalcules of our ponds, the yeast that makes our bread and the germs of disease can be cultivated and studied, and besides that, as I shall endeavour to show you later, the individual cells which form our bodies can be made to reveal at least some of their secrets.

I am not going to enter into a long and detailed technical description of the method of construction of the apparatus necessary for the work, because anybody who wishes to construct one will inevitably do so in his own fashion to suit the requirements of his own particular problem. The principle, however, is as follows: You take an ordinary good microscope, place in front of it a powerful source of illumination, and by means of a collecting lens arrange the light to your satisfaction. You will then find that an object placed in the stage of the microscope can be focused on to a piece of paper or ground glass held say at fifteen inches above the eye-piece. Now fix the camera, without its lens, pointing downwards in such a position that the film occupies the place previously held by the ground glass. The object will then be found to be focused on to the film. Finally, a piece of velvet or some such opaque material arranged between the camera and the microscope in the form of a tube will serve to cut out extraneous light. The apparatus is now complete in its simple form and it only remains to turn the handle, so to speak, in order to obtain photographs.

Of course an apparatus constructed in this somewhat crude fashion has its limitations, but it is a start from which a more elaborate machine can be evolved. Though my present apparatus is the production of a scientific instrument maker, the first began in the simple way I have just described and was home made. Numerous additions were made from time to time as requirements dictated. For instance, it is now floated on alternate layers of concrete and rubber sponge in order to damp down vibrations. The whole microscope is contained in a specially constructed box kept at body temperature to act as an incubator. There is an arrangement by which a clock is photographed in the corner of the film for time-recording purposes. Then, instead of making use of the revolving shutter of the cinema camera, a special shutter is placed between the light and the microscope, and finally there is a timing mechanism arranged to actuate this shutter at any desired interval and to wind on the film as soon as the photograph has been taken. Thus the apparatus, once started, will continue automatically to take photographs until the film has run through.

Making Growth Visible

This brings us to the question of speed. In everyday life we are used to seeing objects move at a certain moderate speed and on watching them both the eye and the brain can appreciate what is happening, can note change of position or shape and often see the result and argue the purpose. If a movement is exceedingly fast, like that of a bee's wing or a bullet, the eye cannot follow it, or, conversely, if the movement is excessively slow like the hands of a clock or the unfolding of a flower, a long time is taken to appreciate any movements at all. For the former slow motion photography has been invented and for the latter speeded-up photography.

For the most part the microscopical objects which are photographed, and especially those which involve growth, move so excessively slowly that their movements cannot be appreciated without prolonged observation. Fortunately, then, with the help of the cinema camera this disadvantage can be overcome, and it is possible to speed up any process to any required degree.

It is done this way: ordinarily, sixteen separate pictures are taken in sequence on a film in one second and when projected

in the screen sixteen pictures per second also are shown. Thus the time occupied in showing the film is the same as the time occupied in taking it, and the speed is said to be normal. In 'speeded-up' photography the pictures are taken at longer intervals and projected at the standard speed of sixteen pictures per second on the screen. Thus supposing one picture is taken every minute for sixteen minutes, then when projected on the screen you will see all these pictures in rapid succession in one second, and by simple arithmetic you will find that the speeding-up is 960 times. In this way it is possible to see in a few minutes the results of a whole week's photography.

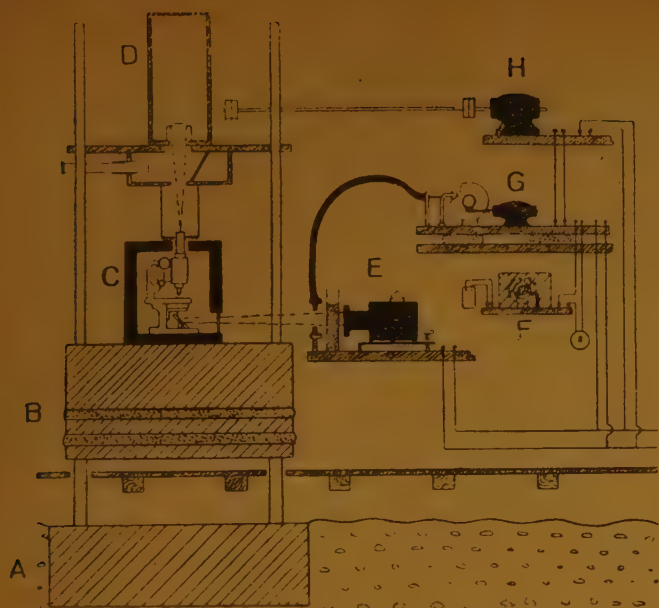
This cinematograph work began about ten years ago, when some of us were carrying out research with the late Dr. Strangeways at Cambridge, and it has continued ever since under the auspices of the British Empire Cancer Campaign and in close conjunction with my colleagues at the Strangeways Laboratory. The particular problem in hand was the investigation of the effect of radium on tissues and because of the great length of time before any changes could be appreciated it was decided to employ speeded-up photography in conjunction with the microscope.

Furthering Biological Research

The entire animal body is made up of millions of minute units of living matter called 'cells' in much the same way as a house is constructed of bricks. Further, each different part of the body is built up of a different kind of cell. One kind goes to make brain, another skin, muscle, bone, and so on; just as in a house the walls are built of bricks, the floors of planks and the roof of tiles.

All these cells of the body, these units of life, bear a close resemblance to one another. They are all more or less the same size, and all are capable of living an independent existence and of reproducing their kind by the apparently simple method of dividing into two. These cells are very small and cannot be seen by the naked eye. They are in fact about one-thousandth of an inch long. Their discovery is no new thing. They have been intensively studied for fifty years or more, but usually in the non-living state in the form of very thin slices suitably dyed and mounted as microscopical specimens.

About a quarter of a century ago two Americans, Burrows and Harrison, actually succeeded in growing tiny pieces of animal tissue artificially outside the animal body—in a test tube, as it were—in such a manner that the individual cells could be seen and studied. This was a great advance as it opened up an almost unexplored field and enabled us to study the normal history of the cell, in its living state. Since then the methods employed in making 'tissue cultures', as they are called, have been elaborated and improved and the technique is now used for many and varied purposes in biological research by workers in all parts of the world. Now how is a tissue culture made? A tiny fragment of tissue, smaller than a pin's head, is selected for growth: it may come from any animal or from a human being—often some organ from a very young chick from the egg is chosen. This tiny fragment is placed on a microscope slide—i.e. a piece of plain glass three inches long by one inch broad. On it is put a drop of fluid on which the cells can feed. Over this a thin glass cover slip is placed and the edges of this cover slip are sealed to the slide by melted paraffin wax. This prevents the fluid from drying up and keeps out putrefying germs. The tissue culture is now made and it only needs to be kept at body temperature for growth to take place. The culture is then placed on the stage of the microscope and photography is begun, say, at intervals of one minute between each picture. The result when shown on the screen shows first the speck of tissue, which, of course, looks enormous. From its edges you soon begin to see wandering out, the various cells of which this mass is composed. That different kinds of cells are present is at once evident, some move with a slow progressive movement, others appear to be darting about and changing shape at apparently enormous speed, but when watching you



Simplified diagram of apparatus for filming microscopic objects

A. Foundation of concrete. B. Anti-vibration device of concrete and rubber sponge. C. Lead incubator containing microscope. D. Cinematograph camera. E. Illuminant. F. Electric clock. G. First electric motor used for making exposure and actuating the second electric motor. H. Second electric motor used for driving the film-changing mechanism.

have to remember all the time that the cells of your own body do not in fact move with the great speed which is suggested on the screen. In fact, if you yourselves were to grow at this rate you would reach the age of ninety-six five weeks after birth. Higher power magnification reveals more of the structure of these cells and you can see the nucleus, a small oval body which controls the process of cell division. When a cell is going to divide, its active movements cease and it rounds up into a ball. Then the nucleus breaks up and a number of bodies known as chromosomes are formed from its constituents. These chromosomes are responsible for all the hereditary characteristics which the newly formed cells will possess. In order that these characters may be equally distributed between the two newly-formed cells every chromosome divides in half lengthwise and the halves of each of them migrate in a bunch to each new cell. This process takes half-an-hour in reality, but on the screen it can be seen in a few seconds, and is most fascinating to watch.

Another interesting feature is the demonstration of the internal structure of the cell by a special method of lighting known as dark ground illumination. Here the cell itself and its contents are shown up with a bright silvery outline on a black background, and its enormous complexity and the high degree of activity can be clearly seen. Nothing is still. The cell itself is constantly changing shape and the structures within are moving about constantly—some at one speed, some at another, some in orderly fashion, and some exhibiting movements the rhyme or reason of which it is impossible to guess.

The cell is truly a unit of life; anyone who has watched the growth and behaviour of a cell in tissue culture cannot but come to that conclusion. Projected on to the screen this fact can be appreciated to an even greater extent. The cell is a tiny body complete in itself. It has a highly complex structure. It is capable of living an independent existence, of moving about with its own locomotion, absorbing food, and of reproducing its kind. But these individual cells, when they are grouped together to form the tissues which make up our bodies, act in a strictly communal fashion, and it is their harmony which is responsible for the balance and control of our bodily functions, and indeed for our very existence.

Well, I've told you something of the way in which these microscopical films are made, but have hardly touched upon their wide application in biology and medicine, and especially in Cancer Research. Nor have I said anything to you regarding another aspect of their use, namely, their value from an educational point of view.

You may have heard that the League of Nations has recently set up a bureau in Rome where the best educational films are being classified and catalogued. Arrangements are being made for these films to pass from country to country with the least

amount of formality and restriction. Each country is being asked to collect together its own material, and in England the British Film Institute, with the sanction and help of the Government, is now engaged upon this task.

Such international co-operation is indeed welcome, as it will result in bringing together those films which are of real educational value and making them available to us all throughout the world.

King George's Jubilee Trust

Broadcast on April 25

I HEARD THE NIGHT before last on the wireless that since the Prince of Wales' Broadcast on April 12, on behalf of King George's Jubilee Trust, £32,000 has been received in unstamped envelopes. There are still 10,000 letters to be dealt with and more are arriving by every post.

It struck me that those who contribute to the Fund might wonder why those 10,000 letters are still unopened and how we cope with such huge posts. I have just come from St. James' Palace, where we have been opening envelopes all day. The staff is a voluntary one, and I never quite realised the meaning of working one's fingers to the bone until I saw it actually happening here. All letters must be opened and read and have the contributions pinned to them, be acknowledged in a letter signed by the Prince of Wales, and tied in bundles of one hundred. Then the money must immediately be banked, and the donations recorded under the names of the donor, under denominations from £1,000 or more, down to one penny, and the number in each denomination counted periodically. Nine operations for each letter.

The outstanding letters are shown to His Royal Highness. Here are a few samples:

A woman of eighty-four (she was a mutiny baby in Cawnpore) sends 10s.—a whole week's old age pension. Little Tommy starts his letter: 'Dear Prince'. Mabel writes in verse. The whole contents of little Alfred's money box. An envelope bearing a coronet comes next—no address—it contains a cheque for £100; our only way to acknowledge it is through the bank on which it is drawn. An old woman of eighty-one, blind and so poor she can only send a few stamps, but those very willingly. The proceeds of a church collection, £2 2s. 6d. found in a loose cover during the spring cleaning. 'Half my winnings on the 3.30 at Kempton on Easter Monday'. An admirer who remembers the Prince in his first sailor suit, and wearing a top hat (needless to say not with the sailor suit) at his first public function. 'Sir: We send this contribution with respectful wishes for the success of the fund. From a village George and Mary'. 'Your Royal Highness: I have great pleasure in sending 2s. 6d. for the Young People to help them on life's journey. I am seventy-two years of age and get my pension—a great comfort—it brightens old age and gives us an independent feeling of security. We feel that we belong to the State, the King and our Country. It also helps to bring good cheer into our lives. I was cheered to read that broadcast talk in THE LISTENER of April 12. Prince David at his best, reaching the hearts of the people all over the world. God bless our beloved King George and Queen Mary this Silver Jubilee. God bless the Prince of Wales and all the Royal Family'.

The overwhelming impression left on one's mind after reading hundreds, perhaps thousands, of these very human documents is the enormous number of people, often very poor, who are desperately anxious to do something for the youth of the country as a thank-offering for the twenty-five years of devoted service given to the nation by their beloved King and Queen. Fortunately for us, most of the letters are clearly and neatly written, for, as I said, we keep a record or roll of all of them.

Besides *The King's Grace*, by John Buchan, reviewed on page 762, a number of other books have just been published in commemoration of the Royal Jubilee. Among them are *Good King George's Glorious Reign*, a pictorial record compiled by Jocelyn Oliver, with a foreword by Hugh Walpole (Oxford University Press, 3s. 6d.). This is a volume of photographs depicting the main events of the Reign from the Coronation to the marriage of the Duke of Kent. *Twenty-five Years a King* (Black, 2s. 6d.) is another pictorial record illustrated from the Pathé film and compiled by Sir Austen Chamberlain, while the British Movietone News Film provides the photos for *The King's Reign*, by John Drinkwater (Methuen, 5s.), another commentary, in prose and picture. Methuen's have also published *The Reign of King George V*, by Sir J. A. R. Marriott (2s. 6d.).

Music

The Art of Conducting

By FRANCIS TOYE

THE visit to London in connection with the Musical Festival of two conductors so distinguished as Toscanini and Koussevitsky is a real event. The attention and enthusiasm of the public is focussed on the conductor nowadays to an extent that could scarcely have been imagined fifty years ago. He ranks in importance at least equally with the virtuoso soloist; indeed he is a virtuoso. Were I asked to name the most striking phenomenon associated with musical presentation in my lifetime, I should unhesitatingly say: the advent of the virtuoso conductor.

The conductor as an outstanding figure at all is a comparatively modern innovation. In the palmy days of classical music, and in the opera house until well-nigh the middle of last century, his duties were undertaken by the First Violin. I suppose that the art of conducting, as we know it, may be said to have started with Mendelssohn, but its development, like almost everything else connected with music, has been exceedingly rapid. Men like von Bülow in Germany, Mariani in Italy, even the now forgotten but none the less competent Costa in England, must already be reckoned veritable patriarchs of their art. Broadly speaking, they were preceded by an era of composer-conductors such as Wagner and Berlioz, some good, others less good. Their successors, men like Nikisch and Muck, lead us straight to the great conductors of today: our two visitors, Beecham, Furtwängler, Bruno Walter, and so on. It is, in truth, a very short story.

The modern virtuoso conductor is not without his drawbacks. Sometimes he is as vain and as self-willed as any *prima donna*. He does not hesitate to invent glosses on this or that orchestra score if he thinks the effect may be enhanced and his own prowess thereby be made more obvious. We all know conductors of this kind, who, whatever their genius as orchestral trainers or effect-producers, must be reckoned as the modern counterparts of the Greek Sophists.

On the other hand, it can scarcely be mere coincidence that the supreme excellence of the modern orchestra, one of the most striking phenomena of modern times, coincides with the rise of the virtuoso conductor. There have, I believe, been recent experiments in Russia and the United States in the abolition of conductors, but opinion as to the result is by no means unanimous. Practical experience at any rate has led most of us to the conviction that the importance of a conductor's influence on the orchestra under him can scarcely be exaggerated. Those familiar with our own concerts need only remind themselves of the difference between an orchestra conducted by Beecham and the same orchestra conducted by somebody else. It is impossible, I suppose, to *prove* that the difference is due solely to Beecham, but we are surely justified in assuming this to be the case.

Again, take Toscanini—in my opinion the greatest of living conductors. I have heard Toscanini give bad performances, but on the whole I should say that the presence of Toscanini on the conductor's rostrum was about the best guarantee of a perfect performance available in this imperfect world. At the risk of appearing unduly personal, I must emphasise what I myself owe to Toscanini's genius, for it was he by his marvellous insight, combined with absolute fidelity to the scores, who first made me appreciate Verdi's operas at their proper worth. I do not believe that Toscanini ever did better work than during those days at La Scala when he was in command. Doubtless he has since had better orchestras at his disposal, but he has never achieved more wonderful results. In one respect Toscanini never changes; he insists and always has insisted on making the individual instruments of the orchestra think in terms of singing. Here, I believe, lies the main explanation of his world-wide success.

The public, despite their enthusiasm, really know very little

about conducting. They generally fail to realise, to begin with, that at least three-quarters of a conductor's work is done at rehearsal. What he does in actual performance matters, of course, but, provided that the foundations of his interpretation have been well and truly laid at rehearsal, it matters comparatively little. For this reason, the actual style of a conductor is of small importance. It may be restrained, it may be exuberant; the result is judgeable only by the listener who shuts his eyes and forgets about the conductor and the orchestra altogether.

Needless to say, there is a technique of conducting as there is a technique of everything else—a clear beat, for instance, independent and intelligent use of the left hand. Some of the most successful conductors get, so to say, beyond this technique; some, for fear of rigidity, even make a definite point of avoiding the strict time-beat. Such matters postulate, of course, not only a first-class orchestra, but an orchestra entirely familiar with the conductor's methods. Tried on a strange body of players, however talented, they may lead to great confusion. So it cannot be said that there is any general rule universally binding as to the methods that conductors should or should not employ. The ultimate test, as always with the arts, is the result.

Broadly speaking, it is possible to divide conductors into two classes, those who specialise in highly-finished performances of comparatively few works, and those who not only possess an extended repertory, but are willing, even keen, to experiment with new music. Both classes are obviously of the highest usefulness. The public are always inclined to bestow the palm on the more spectacular variety of conductor, but music would be in a bad way without the more modest attributes of the *Kapellmeister*.

As regards the first-class conductor there is always the danger, already alluded to, that he may tend to sacrifice everything to virtuosity. The danger of the second is that he may too easily be satisfied with slovenly detail, provided that the effect of the music as a whole is tolerably satisfactory. He may also be, too often is, dull—which, all things said and done, is the unforgivable sin where the arts are concerned.

The ideal conductor, of course, achieves a happy medium between both extremes; his repertory is large and varied; he is not afraid to experiment, but, thanks to his insight and special knowledge, he is able to give, let us say, a couple of dozen works, or the music of one or two composers in particular, with an authority all his own. Such a man is, of course, comparatively rare, and, to my mind, the only kind of conductor truly worthy of being called great. The more I think about him, the more I am impressed by the uncanny nature of his gift. We take for granted his technical knowledge of music; his familiarity with scores; his exceptional musical sensitivity. Granted all these, however, there remains something else that he must have.

To a large extent this may be defined as a power over men, but in reality it is something more than this. The ideal captain of a cricket team, for instance, is one who inspires confidence in his judgment and integrity. The ideal conductor, however, must be able not only to do this, but to make the scores of men under his command feel his own thoughts, react instinctively to his own imagination. It is, when you come to think of it, strange that one man with a little piece of wood should be able to impose his personality on every member of an orchestra. The result cannot be achieved by implicit instruction in every individual instance; it must be produced by continual suggestion, which the minds of the different players accept none the less willingly because unconsciously. I suppose that there is little doubt that hypnotism or something very like it enters largely into the matter.

Current Economic Affairs

Should Working Hours be Shortened?

By SIR WILLIAM BEVERIDGE

SEVERAL weeks ago a listener put to me the question: Would it be a good plan to reduce hours of labour with a view to absorbing some of the unemployed in work again? One or two people have been talking about this at some of the Easter conferences, and it is a practical issue of some importance because, as some of you may have seen, the Minister of Labour recently invited associations of employers and workmen to consider it. I suppose they are doing so.

What About Wages?

My own answer to the question begins, as answers often do, with another question: What do you mean to do about wages? When you suggest reducing the number of hours worked each week, do you propose to leave the rates of wages by the hour or the piece unchanged, so that the wages earned in the week are also reduced, or do you propose to adjust the rates so that men can earn in the shorter week as much as they did in the longer week? There is all the difference in the world between the two proposals.

The listener who first put the question to me had, I think, the first of these proposals in mind. Since 1929, we have had in Britain both an increase of unemployment and an increase of real wages. Those who are in work are better off than they would have been five years ago, though there are more people out of work. If, by a reduction of hours of labour, the same work and wages had been spread over more people, those now in work might have lived as well as before and had more leisure; some of those now out of work might have had employment and wages, in place of unemployment and either benefit or assistance. A certain amount of unemployment would have been turned into leisure. Wouldn't that have been an improvement on the present state of affairs?

My answer to that question, again, begins with a question. Do you contemplate a temporary or a permanent shortening of working hours? A temporary shortening of hours—the working of organised short time—is a common way of dealing with trade depression in many industries; instead of some getting full work and others none, the loss is shared so far as possible between all the workmen, in the hope that before long all will be in full work again.

But I don't think that is what the advocates of shorter hours mean. If they did mean that, it wouldn't fit the circumstances of today. However we look at our economic condition today, we can't fairly describe it as being at the bottom of a passing trade depression, to be met by organised short time.

We have to consider the shortening of hours as if it was meant to be permanent. Considering it in that light, we ought to ask whether the increase of real wages which has taken place in the past five years is also likely to be permanent. Only on this assumption could anyone reasonably ask those now in work to take less weekly wages than now and more leisure; to be content to go back to the real wages of 1929, in order that some of their colleagues should be rescued from unemployment. It might be dangerous to make this assumption.

Fall of Food Prices

The improvement of real wages that has taken place since 1929, though we may hope that it will continue, is not certain to continue. It has come about through rather special causes; through the swing in favour of this country of the terms of trade. It has come about, not because money wages have risen, but because prices—particularly prices of food—have fallen so much. The fall of food prices in this country is due to several causes, but among them must be reckoned the growth of agricultural protection in European countries which used to import food supplies from North and South America, and are now trying to be self-sufficient. That has diminished the market for the North and South American farmers; it has put them into difficulties, and compelled them to seek an outlet

by selling to us cheaply. It isn't clear that overseas farmers will continue to have a surplus to sell us at such low prices, or that we will let them do so. We are doing a bit of agricultural protection ourselves. Our improvement in the past five years may be due to such temporary reasons that it will not endure. If we asked those now in work to be content with no more real wages than five years ago and take more leisure, in a few years' time they might find that they were worse off than five years ago.

I don't believe that is what the advocates of shorter hours have in mind. Most of them, perhaps all of them, are after the other proposal—to shorten the working week without reducing the wages earned in the week. They would expect the wage rates per hour to be raised, to compensate for the reduction of hours. The people now in work would have the same money wages as now, and more leisure. The employer, in order to get the same amount of work done, would have to engage more men and pay out more in wages. The cost of each unit of labour would be raised.

Of course, it is possible that a reduction of working hours would lead to some increase of output per hour. But in so far as it led to that, it would also diminish the effect of the reduction of hours in absorbing the unemployed. For the present purpose, one has to leave that possibility out of account. Reduction of hours, in order to absorb the unemployed, combined with maintaining the same money wage per week, means raising the cost of labour and the cost of production. I don't believe that proposal is any good for reducing unemployment; that is to say, increasing the demand for labour. Raising the price of anything is a way of decreasing the demand for it, not of increasing it. That applies to labour in our economic system as much as to anything else. Yet for one reason or another ever so many people try to shut their eyes to this plain fact.

Results of Expensive Labour

Now, it is true that at certain phases of the trade cycle, and if you are a very clever economist indeed who holds a particular theory as to the cause of trade cycles, you can put up a plausible argument that increased wages, even though they raised the cost of labour, might actually stimulate the employment of labour. The argument is that a slump is being caused because money, that is to say credit, is being hoarded instead of being spent, and that if you insist upon more money going out as wages, more money will be spent and the slump will pass. The workman will spend instead of hoarding; the employer who has to pay him will go to the bank and borrow money in order to do so; when the slump is over, he will have no difficulty in paying back what he has borrowed.

I am not going to discuss the value of that prescription for curing cyclical trade depression. All I say is that we are not now at the bottom of a trade depression; we haven't the disease that might fit that prescription. What we are dealing with is the question of permanently increasing the cost of labour per hour, in connection with a permanent reduction of hours. When that is in question, the first and last thing to remember is that one cannot permanently increase demand for labour, or for anything else, by raising its price. Labour is in perpetual competition with other means of production; if labour becomes more expensive, more attempts will be made to use processes or machines that save labour. And British labour and capital are in competition with labour and capital all over the world. After all, within the past sixteen years, the working week of nearly every one in this country has been reduced by five to seven hours, while weekly wages have been maintained or raised. That has not led to less unemployment. Reduction of working hours ought not to be put forward as a cure for unemployment. It ought to be put forward, if at all, for its own sake, as an increase of leisure, if and when we are sure that we can afford it.

The American Half-Hour

The Puritan Heritage

Arranged by ALISTAIR COOKE

An American (Kuhn) introduces an English visitor (Speaight) to New England

ALISTAIR COOKE: In case anyone wants to know where New England starts and ends, it is the name given to six of the northern states nearest the Atlantic seaboard—Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, altogether making an area about the size of the Old England we live in. However strange the inside of an American train may be, there's something in the look of the country outside that's warmly familiar to an Englishman . . .

SPEAIGHT: . . . These white houses . . . are they all made of wood?

KUHN: Most all private houses are wooden.

SPEAIGHT: Hence your fire panic I suppose. . . . Can't you smoke in a cinema *anywhere* in the United States?

KUHN: Not any that I've been in. I think this did start through fear of fire because of so many wooden buildings.

SPEAIGHT: What do you call this style of house?

KUHN: Colonial. It's adapted from English Georgian, of course. But it's an individual style that you'll find in rows facing a central common in every village or small town of Connecticut and Massachusetts. And there's always a white church with a Wren spire.

SPEAIGHT: Haven't new housing plans upset the look of the country?

KUHN: Well, now, have they? This style is cheap to put up. It's durable. It's beautiful. And I guess nobody thinks of trying anything else, as long as they have something as pleasant that settles into the countryside.

Maine is famous for its conservatism. But you can hardly tag the rest of New England. What New England did was to plant an external civilisation. Some hard doctrines may have been

time you must get somebody to drive you to Farmington or Sharon if you want to see how beautiful and how remote a New England town can be. Anyway you'll see Concord.

SPEAIGHT: How much is the New England Puritan a legend and how much a fact?

KUHN: I wouldn't like to say. But we're in Connecticut now where the Blue Laws started. You'll have to watch your step for an hour or two. According to the Blue Laws there are so

many things that you must not do in this state that it seems hard to keep alive. You're going to Boston, which has its fair share of them too. Massachusetts and all the New England states are theoretically afflicted by them, but Connecticut is the most famous.

SPEAIGHT: What are these Blue Laws?

KUHN: They are a series of enactments made by the Pilgrim Fathers who first settled New England. The Pilgrim Fathers were admirable gentlemen in some ways, but they had pretty austere ideas about life.

Joseph Choate,

By his agitation against this picture, 'September Morn', Comstock succeeded in provoking seven million Americans to buy copies of it

a famous lawyer and one-time Ambassador at the Court of St. James', once said that while he admired the fortitude of the Pilgrim Fathers in facing the Indians and the wilderness, he admired the fortitude of the Pilgrim Mothers more, because they had to put up with the Pilgrim Fathers.

Somebody once dug out around fifty of these Blue Laws in various states of New England and practically half of them belonged in the old colony of New Haven, which is now this state—Connecticut.

The idea of the Pilgrim Fathers was, as one of them put it, to see that 'the law of the state should conform to the judicial laws of God as expressed to Moses'—a pretty tough assignment! You know Hawthorne's *The Scarlet Letter*?

SPEAIGHT: Oh, yes, of course, the branding of the woman. . . .

KUHN: Yeah, well in the New Haven colony they went one better. Adultery was punishable by death. And that is still the law. You know the way it is . . . these old laws never get repealed. They just get forgotten about until some reformer digs them out. You must be careful about what are called 'demonstrations' for instance. That covers demonstrations of affections in public. On Sunday, it's a serious offence, anyway, to kiss your wife, and . . .



The spirit of the Blue Laws is still alive in twentieth-century America, as this cartoon, directed against the notorious vice-hunter, Anthony Comstock, shows. In it he is represented as dragging an agitated unwed mother before the magistrate, saying: 'Your Honor, this woman gave birth to a naked child'

From 'The Life of Anthony Comstock,' by Heywood Broun and Margaret Lee (A. and C. Boni)

preached in the white meeting-houses. But the meeting-houses were beautiful and belonged to the landscape as much as those long-roofed farm-houses.

SPEAIGHT: Which is something to be said for a Puritan ancestry.

KUHN: It certainly is. I don't know anywhere where you can travel today over such a long distance and still believe you are in the seventeenth century. If you step off at New Haven some



Exterior and interior of a typical New England house



Rural Massachusetts: two scenes in the village of Marblehead

E. O. Hoff

SPEAIGHT: What about kissing somebody else's wife?

KUHN: Practically hopeless, I should say. And you've got to watch the company you keep. It's a crime to conceal or entertain any Quakers or other blasphemous heretics. And you'd better not try and buy me a drink until we are over the Connecticut border.

If you get in a jam, it's no use expecting a sympathetic jury. Under the New Haven Blue Laws there was no such

thing for offences against laws of God. They figured that the judges—usually the preachers—were the only people sufficiently inspired to pronounce sentences.

SPEAIGHT: Is it as bad—theoretically as bad—on weekdays?

KUHN: No. But on Sundays you mustn't walk more than a mile or two from your house to 'meeting'—meaning what you would call church. You can't cook a hot dinner on Sunday. Or read a novel. . . . But, thank Heaven, you can still eat.

Microphone Miscellany

Some extracts from recent broadcasts

Hull Fishing Strike

Broadcast on April 20

AT A MASS MEETING TODAY Hull fishermen decided to accept the terms of settlement suggested at the Board of Inquiry. Late last night, the owners agreed to the establishment of a Conciliation Board. Today the men were advised by officials of the Transport and General Workers' Union that this coincided with their primary demand for Union recognition and collective bargaining, and was a distinct advance in dealing with their wages and conditions.

On the face of it the agreement is satisfactory, but I spent this morning walking round the docks at Hull, and everywhere I saw congestion of ships—over two hundred and fifty trawlers are lying idle in the docks. It will be impossible, even now, to get

them all to sea for some weeks. If they all went out together, they would all come back together, and the market would be glutted; that is the chief problem facing the industry at the moment.

The owners were in close conference this morning, and would make no statement on that point yet. The fairest way would seem to be to regulate sailing, so that those ships which have been laid up longest should go out first, but that might not be fair to individual owners, and further it would not take into consideration the different fishing grounds to which the vessels are going. Owners will probably decide on a policy which will compromise between the three claims, and send out vessels so that both the individual owners and the men will be satisfied, and so that proportionate numbers of ships go to the various fishing grounds.

Now, as far as the strike is concerned, its effects have not yet been fully felt in the supply of fish. Easter week is the peak

period in the industry; the time when the heaviest landings are made, and the biggest volume of business done. The merchants have passed that period satisfactorily, but the shortage will not be felt until next week possibly. Prices are almost certain to rise—in some cases they have already done so—but the general feeling at Hull today is much happier in tone, and, the anxiety over, the immediate future is now more than counterbalanced by the satisfaction of the agreement, and the almost immediate resumption of work.

As I said, the fish docks are congested with idle trawlers, and there is the unusual sight of trawlers alongside big merchantmen in other docks at Hull. More than two hundred and fifty laid up trawlers out of a total of three hundred and thirty owned in Hull, represent a capital of nearly three million pounds, and three thousand men are out of action. It will be a happy day when they steam out again. That means some weeks hence, but let us hope that it will be as few weeks as possible.

BERNARD STUBBS

The Silver Boom

Broadcast on April 25

SILVER HAS RISEN MORE than twopence an ounce today, nearly fourpence an ounce this week, and over tenpence an ounce this year. It stands now at nearly 28. 11d. an ounce—the highest price for nearly eleven years. The gentlemen of the Bullion Market are working overtime, and the successful speculators in silver are making big profits.

Now the price of silver is booming on the London market, because across the Atlantic President Roosevelt has raised the United States Government's official buying price for newly-mined American silver to 77.58 cents. an ounce—an increase of 6.46 cents. He has done so as a further step in his silver buying policy initiated in May of last year. Under that policy, the American Treasury undertook to buy silver for monetary purposes until monetary stocks reached 25 per cent. silver and 75 per cent. gold, thus reversing the tendency previously followed in most parts of the world, except China, to get away from a silver backing for currency.

This policy was undertaken with two objects. The first was to assist the silver producing interests of the United States, who have always been politically powerful—you may remember that striking phrase in a previous campaign of theirs against gold currency: 'We shall not be crucified on a cross of gold'—and the second object was to allow of a certain amount of currency expansion by widening the basis upon which currency could be issued. Currency expansion in order to increase purchasing power is, of course, one of the main planks in President Roosevelt's recovery programme.

Now, in view of America's big holding of gold, a policy which aimed at establishing a metallic reserve of 25 per cent. silver and 75 per cent. gold means pretty big buying of silver. It is indeed estimated that to establish such a ratio, some 1,112,000,000 ounces will have to be bought.

The internal production of the United States is not nearly sufficient to meet such a demand, and as, under an agreement at the World Economic Conference, the main silver-holding countries, India, Australia, Canada, Mexico and Peru and the United States itself, agreed to restrict their exports into world markets, the American demand has naturally led to a substantial increase in world price. And that in its turn, as is the way with economic and financial developments, has had other important reactions. Most important of all, it has had a serious effect on the economic position of China. China has, of course, a silver currency, and although superficially a rise in the price of silver might therefore seem likely to benefit her and increase her purchasing power, exactly the reverse has been the case. For China, like other countries, can only buy goods abroad if she can sell goods abroad. And a rise in the price of silver means that the commodities which China sends abroad become dearer and therefore more difficult to sell in world markets, just as a rise in the exchange value of the pound would make our goods dearer in world markets.

Moreover, the higher price for silver has led to exports of the metal and a consequent reduction in the amount available for currency. Thus inflation through silver in the United States has meant deflation in China. So much so, indeed, that China first protested against the American policy, then prohibited exports of silver, and is now seriously considering abandoning silver as a monetary standard. This in its turn has led to fresh purchases of silver by Chinese speculators, who believe that if

China abandons the silver standard the price of silver in Chinese currency will rise, just as the price of gold in terms of pounds rose when we abandoned the gold standard.

And the rise in the world price as a result of this Chinese buying has in its turn made President Roosevelt decide that the American internal buying price should be increased again, and that, once more in its turn, has inspired a fresh boom in London and other silver markets.

So today's dealings on the Bullion Market may have important consequences upon economic conditions in China—an important potential market for our goods. They, too, provide an illuminating example of cause and effect in international economy.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS

The Spirit of the Pool

AMONG THE ANGONI PEOPLE there is a legend. It tells of a day, many years ago, when a strange white man appeared among them in a kraal in the heart of Nyasaland. They had never seen a white man before, and at first they were afraid, but he was weary and unarmed, he was hungry, and he was ill. He could do them no harm, and so they received him kindly. Whence he came, and why, no one knew. But, though he accepted their food, he would not sleep in their huts, preferring to go down by the river at night. They warned him that evil lay in the dark pools, that he would die if he slept there in the damp, cold atmosphere of the river. There was fever there. But he persisted—and he died. To this day, say the Angoni people, his spirit returns at the time of the full moon, a white and shining spirit. It comes through the bush, descending to the river, and there it vanishes, just as the spirit of the white man left his body so many years ago.

Out of that legend arises a strange native dance, if it can be called a dance and not a trick. Let me, if I can, give you the picture as I saw it—I won't try to explain it.

Imagine to yourself an open piece of country in Central Africa. It is a hot damp evening, just before that twilight which goes so quickly. From where I stand the ground falls away in a gentle slope to a ridge of quartz rock which marks a sudden descent to the river below. Beyond this the ground rises again, rather more steeply, to a cluster of trees on the skyline, a mile away. Half-way between the river and the trees, running parallel to them, is a wire fence, for this is not virgin veld, but the outskirts of a farm. Between the fence and the trees is cultivated ground—a belt of mealies, eight feet high, is growing there.

The sun begins to dip behind the peak of a distant kopje and I am looking out over this land, when suddenly something white, and moving, catches my eye. It seems to have come from the right of the belt of trees and is moving diagonally towards the field of mealies. In that clear atmosphere you can see a long way, but as yet I can't make out the object clearly—just something white, and moving; not fast—five or six miles an hour, perhaps. But somehow it grips your attention. It is no stray beast—no wild animal—it is something out of the ordinary.

All this time tom-toms are throbbing in the compound and in a kraal over the hill. As I watch they seem to take on a different note, a curious, sinister note, and there is singing somewhere. The wind drops and the leaves of the trees are still. The atmosphere is heavy and I feel a little shiver. I jump as a native in his bare feet comes up and stands beside me. 'Zinyau, N'kos', he says. He, too, is watching the moving figure.

I turn to watch again. It is nearer now, near enough to see its shape, though still a long way off. It looks as a tent might look, about eight feet long, I judge, perhaps six feet high and a marquee shape. It is revolving, slowly, but gradually getting faster as I watch. Now it is approaching the mealies. There is a tense moment—what is going to happen when it reaches them? It does, and seems to disappear in them. Then I catch a glance of it among the green leaves, then another. The mealies do not move. They are planted pretty closely, in rows only three feet apart. Still the figure, eight feet long, not an inch less, is travelling through them. I know there is no path there. I could not get through them myself so easily.

At last without a rustle it emerges on the near side and moves across the open ground towards the fence some thirty yards away. It never deviates from its course. It is now revolving very fast. I wonder what will happen when it meets five strands of good barbed wire—good Heavens, it is, it's *through* the fence, clean through, and moving steadily towards the river, spinning faster and faster. It disappears abruptly behind the ridge of rock, and as it goes the short twilight too is gone, and only the full moon hangs in the sky. It seems cold then. I turn and go indoors.

The next day I inspected the fence. It was as sound as ever; the



The Tooth Relic of Buddha being carried in solemn state through the streets of Kandy

E.N.A.

five strands of wire were unbroken. I went up through the mealies, and there was no track through them.

What *was* that moving object? I do not know to this day. I asked my native servant. 'The Spirit of the Pool, Baas', he said. That was all I got out of *him*. No doubt very elaborate preparations are made for this so-called dance, and it is certainly a very weird spectacle. A good many white men have seen it but no one, to my knowledge, can really explain it.

R. BENNETT

The Kandy Perahera

THE FAMOUS TEMPLE OF THE TOOTH (the Dāladā Māligāwa) in Kandy is known to millions of devout Buddhists the world over, for it houses the Tooth Relic of the Great Philosopher, and during the August moon each year it is taken in solemn procession, with all possible oriental pageantry, through the main streets of the town. Well over a hundred elephants take part, each Dēwāla or Demon-Temple putting up its quota to join the throng. The weapons and insignia of the Dēwāla deities follow the Relic bearer; also the jewelled anklets of the virgin goddess Pattini, which were brought to Ceylon from India, between 44 and 29 B.C. She is now the presiding genius of the Māhā Dewāle, one of the principal temples. Peraheras or religious processions have been performed for over 2,000 years in Ceylon, right from the heroic days of antiquity, but it was King Kirti Sri Raja Sinha who restored Buddhism to its former prestige, and by royal decree in the year 1753 enacted that the Buddha's Tooth Relic should be given pride of place in an annual Perahera.

About 90 per cent. of the Sinhalese are ardent Buddhists and they congregate in Kandy from all parts of the island to see the procession. Many have spent days walking from their villages in the jungles, and the roads for miles round Kandy are simply

packed with pedestrians. All sorts and conditions of ramshackle cars and buses have been pressed into use, and all the people are in their best and brightest silk cloths and carefully hoarded jewellery. Many mothers plod along, barefooted, with drowsy infants slung over their shoulders. It is their one great day of the year, and all flock to Kandy ('Māhā Nūwara, the Great City', they call it) to see the Casket of the Relic borne on the back of the mighty Temple elephant.

The streets are packed with solid masses of chocolate-skinned humanity. In the glare of the lamps the brightly coloured silks of the women look like a gigantic bed of flowers. Overhead, the full moon hangs low in the sky, and its reflection is cast on the still waters of the mountain-cradled lake. The parapet walls are picked out with hundreds of twinkling lights, and a thousand fireflies dance about the palm fronds. The stage is set! An ancient brass cannon booms at the Temple of the Tooth. The Perahera is on its way! A pent-up sigh breaks from the throng; they have been waiting for hours to hear this report. A low roar proclaims the appearance of the first elephant at the Temple gates, and he soon comes into sight with his attendant torch-bearers. They carry ten-foot braziers of leaping flames which throw weird colours over the fantastic scene. On his back sits a grave white-bearded gentleman in his traditional robes; he is the official route-maker and he holds a scroll of parchment showing the route the procession is to take. Behind him come three or four more elephants bearing flags and scarlet and gold lacquered spears and shields; then grotesquely clad dancers, who perform involved steps in perfect rhythm, to the crash of cymbals and tom-toms.

The shouting of the crowd grows louder . . . you can now see heads bowed reverently down, and palms clasped together. The Temple dignitaries walk slowly into view, their foreheads are bound with golden fillets, and their gorgeous velvet jackets and hats set with jewels. The crowd shouts 'Sādhu! Sādhu!' as

the Temple tusker stalks majestically into sight, the precious Relic Casket of silver on his back. Over the Casket sways a golden canopy, stayed by minor servants of the Temple, who walk slowly beside the great beast. Lest the feet of the Relic-bearer be defiled by walking on the road, men run before him with long strips of white linen, over which he makes a stately progress. His trappings are gorgeous; gleaming with gold, silver, and gems; his great tusks are sheathed in beaten gold. He pauses proudly while the whole, procession halts, and the excitement grows intense.

The Kandyan Chieftains and Temple dignitaries stand in gold sandals in the centre of the roadway as their forefathers have done for centuries before them. The dancers break into a frenzied measure, their ankle-bells and brazen head-dresses glitter in the fierce light. The thudding of the tom-toms reverberates like thunder, and the onlookers grow hoarse, still shouting 'Sādhu! Sādhu!' Once more the procession starts down the street, and the roar of the populace is now behind you as the Casket is borne their way.

More, and still more elephants pass below, with their attendant bands of dignitaries, chiefs, dancers and torch-bearers, for each of the four principal temples unites to honour the yearly pilgrimage of the Relic Casket through the streets of the old capital.

The annual Perahera procession is over, and the thousands of eager villagers start their long homeward journeys in the pale light of a waning moon—their bodies tired, but their minds filled with the glory of the scene—a memory that carries them through the trials of the year and will bring them back next August to Māhā Nūwara, the Great City.

F. A. E. PRICE

Thursday Island

THERE ARE TWO moments of the day when you may first see Thursday Island: early morning or early evening, but you must be sure that the pearly fleet is either entering or leaving the island. Then you will see a hundred white sails sprinkled over a turquoise sea covered by a pale blue sky. A light wind may bring white ruffles to kiss the sides of the pearly boats. If you are lucky, another Eastern liner may be sailing along majestically amongst the pearly fleet. In the background you will have the island, its tropical vegetation showing luxuriously green on the hill at the back of the town. If you see Thursday Island on such a morning as this, you will understand why some of its inhabitants prefer to laze their lives away on its fairy shores rather than fight the fierce fight of life in the busy cities of the Australian coast. Thursday Island is the Island of Pearls. This queerly beautiful harvest of the sea is brought in by hundreds of little boats complete with divers and the accessories of diving. Half the inhabitants of Thursday are mermen who fight for a living amongst the coral wonders of the sea. Sharks and other inhabitants of the mighty deep are their familiar associates, an association which has bred contempt. A queer lot some of these Thursday Islanders are: Japs, Aborigines, Pacific Islanders, half-castes and some Southern Europeans mingling in comradely fashion in the one street of the little town. A rather decayed-looking street it is now, for some of the glories of the Thursday pearl harvest have vanished. Some of the houses look broken down and decrepit, but if you were to go inside you might easily see little white pebbles whose destination was ultimately some exclusive Bond Street jeweller's. I remember well going inside a funny little place with a friend who knew Thursday Island very well. He had arranged for one of the pearly princes to come in and display his wares. There in that ramshackle old building we held in our hands deceased oysters to the value of thousands and thousands of pounds. Strange that what had been death to the oyster had been wealth to a pearl fisher.

KEITH BARRY

The New Speed Limit

I'M AN OLD LADY of seventy; and it's rather surprising to find myself asked about anything to do with speed. But this new speed limit—I've found it a great help.

Those pedestrian crossings, for instance: I was very hopeful when they first came in. But I found it took me rather a long time to get going (as they say) when I wanted to cross the road. But the cars—they'd got going all right, sometimes well over forty miles per hour; and I didn't find it easy to assert my rights.

But, it seems now, *nous avons changé tout cela*. With the cars

doing a gentlemanly (or may I say 'ladylike') thirty or less, there's time for me to brave the crossing and be noticed (I'm on the small side as well as old). Now I'm to be given way to, as I like to feel the Minister of Transport intended I should.

MRS. HUGH MILLER

Pedro the Penguin

LAST YEAR A young Emperor penguin arrived among daffodils and roses, in the garden of a coastal sheep farm in Tierra del Fuego, 700 miles to the north of the nearest part of the Antarctic Continent. It was in the last few days of May, work inland had just stopped. The poor penguin had been terribly battered by seals or the heavy seas and we called him Don Pedro because of his staggering gait. He weighed only 37 lbs., his beak was damaged and he had a crumpled claw. The penguin ate well and had a diet of meat and potatoes, carefully cut and wriggled to remind him of the tempting eel. His weight went up to just under 70 lbs. before the end of winter.

Pedro was kept in a large pen with a wood in one corner and plenty of opportunity for hiding away, or even, had he wished to do so, of escaping. Instead, right from the first he was quite tame with people and the farm sheepdogs, putting the latter to flight



Pedro in pensive mood

with a few good pecks if they became too cheeky. He usually waited in a corner of his paddock, near a path, to greet all passers with a series of shrill cries. When fresh snow lay on the ground he would fall forward on his chest and go tobogganing over the snow with his feet clear of the ground and using his flippers like the arms of a swimmer. This was his fastest way of getting about on land and he was seldom in the same place long while the snow lasted. Even then, despite this temptation, the arrival of people, especially people he knew, would always bring him racing along to investigate.

The Emperor penguin's height is about four feet, one foot taller than most King penguins, but Pedro could reach up a good five feet with his flippers. Although so tame, he was faddy to the last degree over how and by whom he was fed. If he caught a piece of food badly and it fell on the ground, no power on earth could persuade him to touch that piece again. A new piece had to be given him. One day the man who looked after him was called away. The result was an immediate hunger strike by the penguin. After he had been three days without eating he was tried with fish instead of meat, but he suddenly stretched up like a piece of elastic and attacked his keeper, bruising the arms right up to the shoulders with his flippers.

When wild penguins moult they have a miserable time. They come ashore for about three weeks, during which time they have no food and their short scale-like feathers peel off in large pieces as the entire outer skin is shed. Early in the summer the penguin began to change from his dull chick's plumage to the regal colours of the mature Emperor. Earthy brown gave way on his back to a shiny steel grey with a black stripe on each side of the neck running down to the tips of the flippers. In front he was pure white up to his chest, from which the white changed

through all shades of primrose and orange to a jet black head with large brown eyes and a brightly coloured beak. By the way, the pupils of his eyes were not round but square.

To move the penguin from one place to another, it was only necessary for someone he knew to walk slowly in front of him and he would follow along behind as fast as his short legs allowed him.

Don Pedro would have made a fine pet in any Zoo. In no way did his coat ever show that he was not leading his usual life. It

was sleek, smooth and always clean. He was easy to feed and on his way to the garden never passed the meat house without waiting for something to eat. His only eccentricities seemed to be that he would not touch fish, except tinned sardines, and he could never be induced to take a bath. Just when a telegram had come from the Zoo accepting him and the captain of a cargo boat offered to look after him personally on his way across, Pedro died of an incurable disease which attacks nearly all birds of the southern oceans.

JEAN HAMILTON

Current Imperial Affairs

Trusteeship for Native Interests

By H. V. HODSON

Broadcast on April 24

TONIGHT I am going to speak not about the self-governing Dominions, but about the rest of the Empire, that is to say, the Crown Colonies, Protectorates and mandated territories. Almost all of the Crown Colonies, Protectorates and mandated territories lie in tropical or sub-tropical regions of the world. For this reason, few of them are capable of being permanently settled by white people. Practically all have a large coloured population which inhabited the country before the white man came. Towards these people we have adopted the general principle of 'trusteeship'. Now this is a principle which obviously may be interpreted in different ways. Some people understand it to mean that we contemplate eventually granting these native populations the right of governing themselves. Some interpret it so strictly that to them any policy is wrong that injures any native interest for the sake of furthering any European interest. Others believe that we shall have done our duty if we maintain and protect reasonable conditions of life for the native peoples, while exploiting the country to its full economic capacity, in our own interest and incidentally in the interest of the natives.

Whatever interpretation you and I or the Government may give to 'trusteeship', it clearly has no meaning unless we regard ourselves, in our relations with native peoples, as somehow comparable to trustees for the estate, let us say, of a child under twenty-one. Other people, of course, might quite properly benefit from the fact that the child possessed a fortune; for instance, the enterprises in which his money was invested would presumably profit by it. Thus we should not necessarily assume from the fact that Europeans are going to profit by some action in a Crown Colony—for instance, the exploitation of gold—that the native is going to be injured. But upon all occasions of doubt, if we were trustees for a child, we should have to put his long-term interests first; similarly upon all occasions of doubt in our administration of the tropical colonies, the first question we have to ask ourselves is: 'What is the true, long-term interest of the native population?'

This question is not always easily answered. In matters of trade, for instance, we are often tempted to neglect it, because our trade with the Colonies is very important to us, though not perhaps as important as it is to them. Last year, 78 per cent. of our imports came from the dependent Empire, and 10.3 per cent. of our exports went to the same countries. Actually, our imports from the colonies came to a good deal more in total value than our exports to them. But the difference between the proportions is a reminder that, as trustees for the colonial peoples, we ought to put their need for markets before our need for markets in the Colonies.

In considering such proposals as keeping foreign manufactures out of the Colonies by tariffs or quotas, one of the first tests we should apply is whether the ability to buy cheap foreign goods like Japanese cloth and rubber shoes and so on is of real permanent advantage to the native. If we forget this question, or evade it, or put it into a secondary place, we are not honestly acting up to the principle of trusteeship.

There is another important and urgent problem, in which the test of trusteeship has to be applied. That is the problem of the South African territories of Basutoland, Swaziland and the Bechuanaland Protectorate. These three areas (which we will call for short the Protectorates) lie within the geographical and economic ambit of the Union of South Africa, and when the Union was formed, the British Government and the South Africans both contemplated that within a reasonable period of

time, the administration of the Protectorates would be transferred from Great Britain to the Union. The South Africa Act of 1910, indeed, laid down in a schedule the broad terms on which the transfer would some day take place. General Hertzog raised the matter last year, and it is generally understood that when he is in London for the Jubilee he will ask for the administration of the Protectorates to be transferred as soon as can be. Clearly it is a question to which the test of trusteeship must be carefully applied.

There are many troublesome complications, but here I can mention only three. The first is that, although the three territories are governed under the same High Commission, they are geographically separate, and their circumstances differ, so that it might possibly be wise to transfer the administration of one, but not of the others. The second complication is that we cannot consider the people of the Protectorates apart from their neighbours. They are members of the great Bantu race which populates the South of Africa, and their welfare is intimately bound up with the welfare of the whole Bantu people. Thus we must weigh very carefully the effect of our decision upon the future position of the native in the Union of South Africa. Will the example of our methods of government and our attitude towards the native in the Protectorates serve as a standard and an inspiration to the white people of the Union? Or will their own administration and their own attitude profit rather by their having the full responsibility for the welfare of the Bantu people throughout South Africa as far as the Limpopo? The answer is certainly not obvious.

The third issue to which I would specially draw your attention is this. Suppose we were inclined to conclude that we ought not to let the administration of the Protectorates out of our hands. Then obviously in the future, we would have an exceptional duty to administer our trust towards the natives of the Protectorates not merely conscientiously, but generously. It is well to realise beforehand what this may mean. The Protectorates are badly in need of two things, neither of which will be much good without the other—money and markets. The large sums of money required for their economic development will certainly be wasted unless we can provide somewhere a market for their cattle and other exports. In the circumstances, we could not count on the continuance of a market in the Union of South Africa.

These questions I leave you to ponder. Trusteeship for native interests is only one—though perhaps the most important—of the ever-pressing problems of colonial government. There are many others, which make a reality of the old expression, 'The White Man's Burden'. But the burden is also a privilege, not always without profit, and in the skilled and faithful shouldering of it lies one of the noblest opportunities of our imperial destiny.

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Europe's Danger Zone

(Continued from page 723)

The use of the non-Magyar languages was hindered and penalised, and the non-Magyar half of the population was not allowed by the Magyars to have more than a fraction of the number of seats in Parliament to which it was entitled in proportion to its numbers. For this purpose the Magyar majority used to practise open terrorism at parliamentary elections. Troops used to be mobilised to over-awe the non-Magyars; and there was generally some bloodshed. That was a shocking state of affairs, and Dr. Seton-Watson will probably have more to tell you about it in a later talk in this series. But this intolerant nationalism in Hungary, scandalous as it was, was also a very recent evil. The source of conflict in pre-War Hungary was the diversity of languages. The Magyars were trying to force their own language on the other Hungarians, and those others were up in arms for the right to speak and read and write and teach their own languages—Slovak or Rumanian or whatever they might be.

Now, in a practically uniform and homogeneous country like France, where every inhabitant speaks French and feels French too, this common language and nationality is a sufficient foundation for a State; and there is no great need for a common institution like the Crown or a neutral language like dog-Latin. But this notion of national uniformity won't solve the political problems of a country like pre-War Hungary or pre-War Austria, where, instead of one single uniform language and nationality, you have half-a-dozen different languages and nationalities all criss-crossing one another like the different coloured threads in a piece of shot silk. When I say Hungary or Austria, I might equally well say the whole of South-Eastern Europe, for you will find the same state of affairs wherever you go, from Vienna at one end of South-Eastern Europe to Constantinople at the other.

Can you imagine what life is like in a country where a number of different nationalities are inextricably intermingled? To a large extent they are religious groups, corresponding to the Anglican and Free Church and Catholic and Jewish communities that live, all mixed up together, in our English cities. And these religious groups tend to follow different vocations and practise different trades. A combination of religious with occupational differences would be a rough and ready way of describing that kind of social division which in India we call caste. And in South-Eastern Europe, in the old days of the Hapsburg Monarchy and the Ottoman Empire, the nationalities were really more like Indian castes than like nations in our West-European sense. In the old Ottoman Empire, the Turks were apt to be peasants and soldiers and civil servants; the Bulgarians groomers and market-gardeners; the Albanians masons; the Vlachs shepherds; the Kurds dockers; the Greeks and Lazes sailors; the Armenians shopkeepers, and so on. And it was the same to a large extent in the old Hapsburg Monarchy.

There the townspeople were apt to be Germans—and this not only in the solidly German patch of country round Vienna which has become, since the War, the Republic of German-Austria. These German towns were scattered all over the old Hapsburg Monarchy, like plums in a cake, right away to its eastern frontiers. And there you can still find some of them stranded today, in the heart of what has now become Greater Rumania. In another corner of the former Hapsburg Monarchy there is a continuous fringe of German towns round the western and northern and north-eastern borders of Bohemia, in what has now become the Republic of Czechoslovakia. As for the Czechs and the Slovaks, they were till lately peasant peoples, with Magyar landlords sitting on the Slovak peasants and German-Austrian landlords sitting on the Czechs—rather like the former English or Anglo-Irish landlords in Southern Ireland. In Bosnia there were Muhammadan Yugoslav landlords with Catholic and Orthodox Christian peasants on their estates. Then there were the German-speaking Tyrolese and the Yugoslav-speaking Croats who supplied the Hapsburg army with its crack regiments and who were far more conscious of their allegiance to the Emperor than they were of their German and Yugoslav nationality.

In the next talk Dr. Seton-Watson is going to tell you how this Hapsburg Monarchy or Danubian Empire broke up. He will pilot you across the gulf that separates the old regime in South-Eastern Europe from the cluster of nine national Successor-States that occupies the same ground today. You will find this an exciting historical journey; for you will be catching up with the changes on a map that has changed out of all recognition within our own lifetimes. But in these last few minutes, before I hand over to the pilot who is to take over the Hapsburg ship of state next week and run her on the rocks for you, I want to say something about the mighty political force that has broken the old Hapsburg Monarchy to pieces before our eyes. After all, Empires with great armies and skilled civil services and ancient traditions don't just break up for no particular reason. And when a catastrophe like that does happen it doesn't come about suddenly. The crash at the end may seem sudden, but when the great tree falls you may be sure that this is only the final effect of a long series of attacks: winds buffeting its branches, axes chipping away at its trunk, and weevils gnawing at its roots. That was certainly the history of the decline and fall of the Hapsburg Monarchy. But there was one prevailing wind, one master-force, that really did the fatal damage in this case, after it had been buffeting the Hapsburg Empire—and the Ottoman Empire too—for more than a century. This wind blew from a Western quarter of the compass. The destructive force was our West-European political idea of nationality.

People who feel themselves at a disadvantage compared with their neighbours are apt to be snobs; and the essence of snobbery is that one imitates the dress and manners and behaviour of the person whom one admires or envies, without stopping to consider whether his ways are really suitable to one's own needs and one's own nature. We can be snobs in public life as well as in private; and for the last century all the world has been snobbish in imitating the political fashions of Western Europe. Since this has happened it has turned out to be a very unfortunate thing that our chief West-European political institution, the National State—which is suitable enough to our own peculiar local conditions—is so vastly ill-suited to the political requirements of the great majority of the human race. Yet, in these latter days of West-European predominance, all the other peoples of the world have been running after this peculiar West-European institution of the National State, and have been insisting on having each a National State of its own. That is, of course, all very well if one starts by also having a territory all of one's own to plant one's national building on. But supposing one happens to be one of six nationalities that are all living mixed up together on one and the same plot of ground. How can one build six National States at once on one single building site? Obviously, the thing can't be done unless one of the would-be builders first cuts the throats of the other five and so acquires the whole plot for himself. You can see how an idea like the National State, which makes for peace and order in its own place, can become a regular 'Apple of Discord' when it is thrown into a mixed crowd of peoples for the crowd to scramble for.

You remember the story in the Bible of how the Children of Israel came clamouring to the Prophet Samuel for a political institution which they had never had before. 'Give us a king', they said; and when Samuel prophesied to them all the evils that would come upon them if they made this uncalled-for innovation, his words simply made no impression on them. 'Nay', they said, 'but we will have a king over us, that we also may be like all the nations'. Well, there you have the modern cry of the peoples of South-Eastern Europe. 'We want to be like the great successful nations of the West; so we each insist on having our own National State: a Czechoslovakia which shall be as Czechoslovak as France is French'. Well, like the Israelites, the peoples of South-Eastern Europe have got their way; but in their case, too, the prophet's forebodings seem to be proving right. But that is another story, which will unfold itself in the later talks in this course.

RADIO NEWS-REEL APRIL 19-26

A pictorial summary of the week's news, drawn from the broadcast News Bulletins



AT THE MENIN GATE, YPRES

A sum of £400 has been collected by the Surrey branches of the British Legion to provide for the sounding of the Last Post at the Menin Gate, at Ypres, every evening at sundown. On Easter Sunday 300 members of the Surrey branches arrived at Ypres, and at noon there was a short ceremony, during which the money was handed over to the Burgomaster of the town. Afterwards the impressive service illustrated above was held at the Menin Gate



THE NEW CABINET IN SOFIA

On Good Friday King Boris began to straighten out the political tangle. He interviewed several political leaders and a number of Army officers, and eventually invited M. André Tocheff to form a cabinet. M. Tocheff is seventy years old, a Macedonian, and a trusted friend of the ex-King Ferdinand. But he has no personal following and the King's choice of this elderly diplomat came somewhat as a surprise. Finally, on April 21, M. Tocheff succeeded in forming a national Cabinet representing the main political parties. It is shown above surrounded by journalists after its first meeting at the Prefecture of Police



JUBILEE AT NICE

The British delegates attending the Jubilee celebrations at Nice during the Easter holidays made a pilgrimage to the white marble statue of Queen Victoria. Later the party heard the former Avenue George Washington given its new title of Avenue George V

SHAKESPEARE'S BIRTHDAY

The scene in Stratford-on-Avon, on April 23 when the flags of 81 nations were unfurled in the streets of the town



THE MOSCOW UNDERGROUND

M. Stalin has just made his first ride on the new underground railway in Moscow. The construction was begun in 1931, and all materials and equipments are of Soviet manufacture. The picture is of the Sokolniki station



KINGSTON BAGPUIZE

A scheme is announced for the settlement of 250 unemployed men and their families on an estate of 1,800 acres at Kingston Bagpuize in Berkshire. A Homesteads Trust is being formed to administer the scheme



MISS JEAN BATTEN

Until Friday, it seemed that Miss Batten was going to break the record time for a woman on her flight back from Australia to England. She was held up, however, by fog and engine trouble. She is the first woman to make the double trip alone by air



THE END OF THE PLAZA BALL-ROOM

The Plaza Ball-room, Dublin, in which the Hospital Sweepstake draws take place, was destroyed by fire on the morning of April 24. The picture shows the wreckage, with the remains of the famous mixing drum on the right

NEW POLISH CONSTITUTION

President Moscicki signing the new Polish constitution at the Royal Castle, Warsaw, in the presence of the Cabinet. It gives the widest powers to the President, and reduces Parliament almost to a consultative body



IN MEMORY OF THE GERMAN COLONIES

A ceremony held in Berlin in front of the Bismarck memorial on April 24, which was the 51st anniversary of the establishment of the German colony in South-west Africa



THE PARK AT TAICHU, FORMOSA, IN THE CENTRE OF THE EARTHQUAKE AREA



MR. J. J. SHAW WITH THE RECORDING DRUM OF HIS SEISMOGRAPH



PERSIA—A MOSQUE AT BARFURUSH

On Good Friday, Mr. J. J. Shaw reported from West Bromwich that an earthquake about 1,800 miles away had been recorded on his seismograph shortly after 4 o'clock. Two further shocks were recorded—at 9.38 that night and 6.16 on the Saturday morning. Mr. Shaw believed that the tremors had occurred somewhere in Asia Minor; but it was not till Tuesday that news came through of severe earthquakes in the province of Mazanderan in Persia. Mazanderan skirts the southern shores of the Caspian Sea, and the picture above of a Mosque at Barfurush comes from the district most severely affected. Nearly 500 people were killed, communications interrupted and buildings over a wide area were ruined.

ASSAMAYAMA

This volcano, near the hill resort of Karuizawa in Japan, erupted with a tremendous roar on April 20. The neighbourhood was severely shaken, and burning lava set fire to forests and houses on its slopes. On the left is a photograph of the last eruption, three years ago.



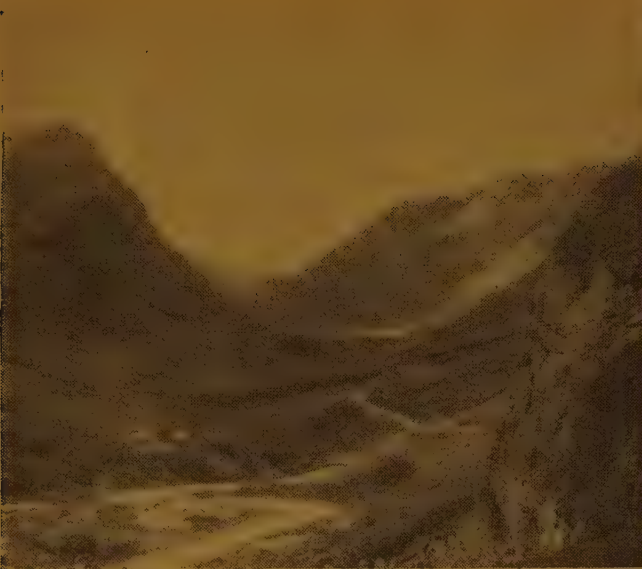


Photo: Will F. Taylor

GLENCOE SAFE FROM THE BUILDERS

Some time ago Lord Strathcona and Mount Royal sold a large estate, including the Pass of Glencoe and a considerable area in Argyllshire and Perthshire, to a Bournemouth firm of builders. Last week it was learned that the estate will not be used for building purposes, but will be re-sold, either as a whole, or in three or four large sections, for sporting purposes. Tenants in the villages and people living in the scattered houses on the estate will be able to buy the property they occupy if they want to



ST. FRANCIS AND THE BIRDS

Above is a reproduction of one of the two pictures over which Mr. Stanley Spencer, A.R.A., has had a controversy with the Council of the Royal Academy. He painted five for this year's exhibition, and these two were rejected. His request that the other three should be returned, so that he could show all five in a private exhibition of his own, was refused. Mr. Spencer says that he objects to having his pictures submitted to a jury. He considers the rejected paintings the best of the five, and he has sent in his resignation as an associate member of the Academy



GERMAN NEWSPAPERS

The National Socialist Government in Germany has promulgated a new press law by which newspaper publishers are compelled to report the names of all persons who have any rights in their respective concerns. They must produce proof of the Aryan descent of each shareholder back to 1800, and of his or her married partner. Joint stock companies, co-operative societies, public bodies of any kind, and organisations formed for professional, class, or confessional considerations are forbidden to publish newspapers; but to this rule the Nazi Party and corporations authorised by the Nazi Party are an exception. The head of the Press Department of the Party, Herr Max Amann, becomes virtual dictator over the German Press, with power to close down non-party newspapers in favour of party newspapers wherever he thinks there is over-crowding, and to order the summary dismissal of employees and editors. The law is regarded as the final stroke in the embittered war which Nazi publishers have been waging against every other newspaper concern, and it is feared that not only will great publishing houses disappear, but many of the oldest and best-known newspapers in Germany may cease publication



THE PRICE OF SILVER

Mr. Roosevelt's edict setting a higher domestic price for silver has resulted in a sudden boom in the silver markets all over the world. The price has risen by over 10d. an ounce within the present year. Mr. Francis Williams' talk on silver is reprinted on page 746. Below is a photograph of one of the large silver-producing mines in Leadville, Colorado, which will benefit by Mr. Roosevelt's policy

Points from Letters

Owing to the pressure upon its space, THE LISTENER is able to publish only a selection from the correspondence which it receives. Correspondents are asked to write briefly and to the point, and are reminded that name and address must always be given, even where their publication is not desired. THE LISTENER, of course, undertakes no responsibility for the views expressed in these columns. Preference will be given to letters which do not employ a *nom-de-plume*

The Inns of England

For seven years from September, 1926, I travelled all over England and as a rule took four meals a day, breakfast, lunch, tea and dinner, in different inns at different places, and during the whole of that time was never once refused a cup of tea even when the inn was closed and had to be opened to admit me. All were not naturally up to the same standard of comfort and efficiency, but all associated with them were with one exception very kind. I only remember this one instance of lack of courtesy. And I visited small 'pubs' out of hours and the best hotels in every place. Why do people rush into print to abuse representatives of one of our great national industries? We hear endless grumbles; I do wish we could hear the many praises our hotels and inns deserve.

Fareham

FLORENCE WHITE

Salvation Outside the Church

It is not I, but my critics, who avoid the crux. Father Lattey's letter should be compared with that of an orthodox Roman Catholic in *The Church Times* for March 15, to which I alluded in my own letter, and with which he has made no serious attempt to grapple. As to Father Martindale, the facts he pleads are well known, but irrelevant. He writes now: 'I stated Catholic doctrine'; let us put that to two simple tests. (1) Who is the *earliest* orthodox Roman Catholic he can quote, out of all these Christian centuries, who has given Father Martindale's loose and liberal interpretation of *extra ecclesiam nulla salus*? (2) What bishop will he or Father Lattey persuade to approve publicly the *actual words* of Father Martindale's broadcast apologetics? Whatever one or two priests assert on this sort of occasion is comparatively non-committal: they utter it in the exercise of their private judgment. If any bishop, let alone the Roman Congregations, condemned their interpretation of Pius IX's pronouncement, they must shrivel up at once. Scores of such cases might be quoted from Church history: therefore B.B.C. listeners have a right to enquire strictly as to the authority for Father Martindale's 'statement of Catholic doctrine' on this tremendous subject. For here we have a question even more important, as many men will judge, than some which have attracted Papal pronouncements *ex cathedra*.

Cambridge

G. G. COULTON

In a small brochure, entitled *Words of Life*, compiled by Father C. C. Martindale and published by the Catholic Truth Society, the following appears in page 22:

Those who are thus 'incorporated' with Him form His Body, which is the Catholic Church, and it is at once clear that all who are not so incorporated do not possess that supernatural life which is supernatural salvation. Outside the Church, then, there is no salvation.

Does any professing Christian seriously accept this, and does the statement imply that the Archbishops and Bishops of the Church of England, for example, can expect no salvation, by reason of their being outside the Roman Communion?

Solihull

ALFRED BROOK

Sex Relations Without Marriage

You have given space in your paper to some outspoken remarks by the Rev. Hugh Martin on the subject of sex relations outside marriage. In connection with his article I should like to ask a few simple questions from the point of view of the disinterested enquirer. (1) *Provided no children result*, why is it so bad for all concerned to have sex relations outside marriage? (2) Why does Mr. Martin consider it 'is a thousand times better to wait'? (3) Why is this cure worse than the disease? I write in the hope that Mr. Martin or someone else will answer my questions in a calm, logical way.

London, S.W.3

R. W. VERNER

Freedom—Under Capitalism or Socialism?

The letter of Mr. Baker White, the Director of the Economic League, is an admirable example of the type of special pleading

which we get from officials of propagandist organisations supported by people who belong to our governing class. Statistics can be made to prove anything, and I will not waste your space by citing counter-statistics to refute Mr. Baker White's. But if he will accompany me or any experienced social worker round large areas of any of our great cities he will find ample justification for Mr. Herbert Morrison's contention that 'poverty prevents millions of British citizens from enjoying real freedom'. But even if it were possible to show that Capitalism brings all the material benefits made possible by modern science within reach of the poorest of our fellow citizens—as it clearly is not—Mr. Baker White must remember that man does not live by bread alone. The restrictions on the free expression of their political convictions which Capitalism inflicts on the mass of salary- and wage-earners constitute a problem of equal importance—a problem, moreover, which is threatening the whole future of democracy in this country, for the failure to solve it is driving the abler and keener Left-wing minds in steadily increasing numbers into the Communist camp.

It is a remarkable—but significant—paradox that the 10 or 12 million families who comprise the nation still select as their rulers in Parliament a majority whose members belong almost exclusively to the little group of 100,000 families who pay super-tax. This surprising result is achieved by a variety of means, including intensive propaganda, made possible by control of the Press, liberal expenditure on charitable objects, and a first-class political machine. But the subtlest and most effective weapon is the threat and exercise of economic pressure, which Capitalism enables our governing class to use against those who openly oppose its policy or threaten its position. At least half the electors now normally vote Labour in Bristol, but I could take Mr. Baker White to house after house, all over the city, in which live Labour voters who would be terrified of their political sympathies coming to the ears of their employers. So long as Capitalism involves us in this sort of secret terrorism it is idle for Mr. Baker White to cast stones at Soviet Russia or to express surprise that the Socialist Group on Durham County Council feel a supreme need for solidarity within the Labour ranks.

Bristol

R. ST. JOHN READE

With reference to Mr. J. A. Spender's talk on Freedom it may perhaps be true that we have more luxuries available in our shops here in England than are available in the shops in Soviet Russia. However, I would suggest that as in Soviet Russia there is no unemployment, the workers earning the means with which to buy goods as fast as they are produced, we have nothing to be proud of, when we consider that most of the goods here cannot be purchased and consumed by most of the workers and many of the absolute necessities can certainly not be afforded by the unemployed, not to speak of ordinary goods. I have visited Soviet Russia twice and would just shout with joy if workers here could enjoy all the fruits of their labour as they do in Soviet Russia.

Carshalton

J. SMITH

Art in Soviet Russia

In his article on the art of Diego Rivera, Mr. Blunt says: 'Nothing is at first sight more puzzling than the complete failure of the Soviet Union to produce a new movement in the visual arts'. He goes on to draw an analogy between the art of the Soviet Union and early Christian art. The analogy seems to be correct only in that both Communism and Christianity are concerned with ideals and not with aesthetics and that Communists, as did early Christians, look upon art as having a social function. To quote S. M. Eisenstein ('Principles of Film Form'—*Experimental Cinema*, No. 4), 'The task of art is the bringing to light of the conflicts of existing. By the awakening of conflicts in the observer. The emotional forging of a correct intellectual concept by the dynamic collision of the contrasted passions.' [sic]

Now the progress of an artist's technique arises out of a

conflict between his desire to express himself freely and the limits set by the nature of his material. I suggest that when Mr. Blunt points to a complete failure of the Soviet Union to produce a new movement in the visual arts, he is not pointing in the right direction. The best Soviet artists, far from 'floundering about in the aping of bourgeois styles', have adopted as a means of expression a modern synthesis of all the arts, free from the limitations of mediæval technique. In the cinema, free from the commercial exploitation which has choked its development in other countries, they have produced a movement of far-reaching consequence.

There are undoubtedly many who still practise graphic art because they have no other technical means at their disposal; there were probably mediæval Christians who made little statuettes of clay and crude figures of carved wood; they may even have drawn with a stick on damp mud. Their activity is significant in itself, without the result being 'progressive'. Everyone has not the fortune to become a Giotto or an Eisenstein.

London, W.1

K. A. S. WOODBRIDGE

The Artist and his Public

Mr. Eric Newton's letter in your issue of April 10, in reply to Mr. Izod, reiterates his conviction that the art of today is right, because it is today's. Is this attitude of mind not too essentially 'Vicar of Bray'-ish? Leaving out of question all derivative or 'copying' artists, surely there have been in art, as in every other department of human activity, many would-be pathfinders whose paths led to no desirable bourne. In art such a standard of rightness is no more applicable than in politics or any other field. We all know that every new political party striving for power promises us a new heaven and a new earth. He who changed his politics every time he heard or read of such could scarcely claim to be a reliable guide.

Bolton

ENOCH FAIRHURST

Mr. Newton's intense admiration for the less sane productions of contemporary 'art' boils down to this: that it is being perpetrated *now*. But so it has been, for the last forty years, and exhibited. Plenty of the like was produced before that, by people who lacked either the patience or the capacity to learn to draw, and who had no eye for colour—but no gallery would have hung it. The pre-Raphaelites of the nineteenth century were, mostly, woefully deficient in colour-sense (as necessary for a painter as is a 'musical ear' for a composer or player), but they *could* draw. These grotesque objects are the work of a very small proportion only of the young painters of today. They are the productions of the fancy (and diseased fancy at that) as distinguished from works of imagination, which are still to be found in plenty of picture-shows. See Coleridge on the difference—one of kind and not of degree—between the imagination and the fancy. Imagination 'struggles to idealise and to unify', fancy merely reassembles objects from the sub-conscious memory, and has no unifying power. It is a pity that THE LISTENER should go all out in favour of a small clique, and leave unnoticed the fine, strong work that is being done by many of our younger men. I would mention (to name only one among a thousand) Richard Eurich, the reproduction of whose picture, 'The Barge', in THE LISTENER (in spite of the deprivation of the glorious, restrained colour of the original) makes all the other pictures reproduced look like bits of straw.

May I venture to thank Mr. MacColl for his witty letter? I am sure very many readers must have enjoyed it as much as I did.

Bloxham

MARY BARNE

Cure and Creation of Unemployment

Professor Gregory states in your issue of April 17 that the most urgent need of the present moment is the improvement of the employment situation. This idea that employment is an end in itself seems to dominate the minds of economists and politicians, with the consequence that their main objective is the *cure* of unemployment. On the other hand, industrialists and everyone who is actually connected with work, in the family, on the farm, in the factory, or aboard ship, scheme and plan to produce goods or get work done with the least possible amount of human labour—in other words, their objective is to *create* unemployment.

So long as these opposite opinions as to objective are held, there would not appear to be much hope of solving our economic

troubles. Surely the most urgent need of the moment is to overcome under-consumption—to devise a method whereby mass-production can be equalled by mass-consumption. If that objective were agreed upon and the available ability devoted to its attainment, employment would automatically improve, and would be considered, as it should be, not as an end in itself, but as the means to an end—the end being the production of more goods and the rendering of further services.

South Shields

M. W. MACKAY

A 'Parcel' of Ground

The talk by Brigadier Winterbotham in your issue of April 10 doubtless gave pleasure and conveyed instruction to very many as it did to me. He says truly that in a transaction for sale of land a large-scale plan is desirable. Under the Scottish system of land registration the plan attached to a Conveyance can be photographed when the deed is recorded.

But it is astonishing to find in the talk in the issue of April 17 this remark: 'To surveyors, for some unknown reason which I have never been able to find out, every field is known as a parcel'. Surely that was the English name commonly used for a plot of land at the time the Bible was translated, and a beautiful and appropriate word it is. 'A city of Samaria, which is called Sychar, near to the parcel of ground that Jacob gave to his son Joseph' (John iv. 5).

Edinburgh

ANDREW WISHART

'Tinker' Petulengro

I listened with great interest to the talk of Gypsy Petulengro, and was still more pleased to find that you had printed it in THE LISTENER. But why call him the grandson of 'Tinker Petulengro'? So far as I can remember, George Borrow never uses this as a first-name for his gypsy friend. It is always 'Mr. Petulengro', 'Jasper Petulengro', or simply 'Jasper'. I don't think there is anywhere in Borrow's works an indication that Jasper was a tinker. He appears to have been more of a horse-dealer than anything else. It was he who skilfully slipped into Borrow's pocket fifty pounds, and then gently but firmly compelled him to buy with it the magnificent horse which Borrow afterwards sold at Horncastle Fair for a hundred and fifty.

By the way, cannot you induce Gypsy Petulengro to give us another interesting talk on the present haunts of the English gypsies? In this district they have been banished from Epping Forest for many years, though the conservators of the forest are now allowing Gorgio boys and girls in their hundreds to gallop about anywhere on hired horses—doing far more damage to the forest in a week than the gypsies could possibly have done in a year.

Woodford

GEORGE EASTGATE

Pacifist Convictions

May I add a word to Eric Speight's letter in THE LISTENER? I have a great admiration for this young man; but may I carry his step a big step further? If all the young men of the nations of the earth carried out the ideal culminating in the true spirit of the Christian religion, there could never be any war at all. Man said, 'What is to become of humanity?' and God said, 'What is that to thee? Follow thou Me'.

Wolverhampton

JOHN SUMMERS

Poems of George Barker

It seems a pity that so sympathetic a review as that which appeared in THE LISTENER on April 10, of George Barker's *Poems*, should be marred by a misquotation. I refer to the line quoted from 'Elegy Anticipating Death': 'The figures of pre-cedented I', which appear in the review as 'The figures of un-precedented I', making the line, as well as the poem, non-sensical. This does not, I admit, affect the reviewer's statement about this line.

Also it seems unfair to cull lines here and there from a poem in an endeavour to discern the influence of the current idols (in one breath) Auden-Spender-Day-Lewis, especially as this influence is not noticeable in the lines quoted, which all seem, to the extreme, Barkerian lines, if it is not too premature to use this adjective. And these are not quoted from successive stanzas, but randomly. This juxtaposition may be an enlightening method of criticism, but the conclusion seems rather forced in this case.

Catherham

MAURICE CARPENTER

Short Story

A Meeting

By SEÁN O'FAOLÁIN

MANY towns in Ireland, after fifty or sixty years of prosperity—the effect of a good fortnightly fair, a butter-market, or a barracks—suddenly begin to decline. Unable to contract, they become gapped like an old man's mouth. In ten years they become one of the *villes mortes* of the world.

B—— is like that. Once a mere coaching-stop at a bridge-head on the Dublin road, an English cavalry barracks was built there soon after the Crimea because it happened to be near the five-thousand acre field of the Curragh. Today you can see how it both rose and declined. The barracks are still there, all along one side of the street—tent-canvas become stone—but now abandoned and crumbling. Facing it is an unbroken line of shops—the sutlers' booths—staring at the mirror of their own future.

Down that street I walked one afternoon this early summer. I could not hear a sound of any sort, except far away the humming of a hay-machine. The great wide street was in midday siesta. Outside one shop—one of the few with any real purpose now—were the usual bundles of hayforks and rakes and curved scythe-handles, all faintly sunburnt. I could feel that every chimney corner supported a sleeping head, and I certainly got the rank-smell of dinner-bones burning. So idle was my mind as I looked at the one or two loungers, extended on their backs under the barrack-wall, their caps on their faces, that I struck against the bundles of farming implements and with a terrific clatter they tumbled at my feet. At once, like cuckoo-clocks, every door showed a head; a dog growled; a man came out through the mossed gateway of the barracks and looked at me with interest. The loungers actually sat up. Then suddenly I saw, through my blushes, that a woman was staring at me, and I realised that after twelve years I was remeeting Molly Dunne.

Twelve years ago—she then about thirty—Molly was up to her eyes in the Revolution. If there was a dangerous despatch, or a bomb, or a gun, to be carried through the British patrols she was the safest girl in Cork for the job. If there was an important mission to Paris or America, she was certain to be chosen, the tomboy, the daredevil, the travelled one, the best story-teller I ever met.

We used to look up to her as a woman of the world then, and we were always glad to sit in silence when she began to tell about it. Even now I shall always associate her with that marvellous story about the night in Paris when, at the age of eighteen, she lost her companions in some big hotel. She took the wrong stairs and found herself suddenly in what must have been a basement brasserie, surrounded by red-coated cavalrymen.

"I was flattened, I needn't tell you. Imagine it—only eighteen. I had long golden hair . . ."

"You still have", somebody would admire.

"Oh, but it was yards and yards—down to my knees, girl. They gathered about me. Big men with black moustachios and clanking sabres. They made a circle around me, and they drew their swords and they held them in the air. One of them wound my golden hair around my throat. Then they caught hands and danced around me. I was limp. Limp!"

Or her story about the Persian princess, told with the most casual reference to wagons-lit, the Interlaken and Kandersteg, F. D. trains, the Engadine Express, and "I said to the gendarme at the frontier"—or, "Then, at Linz, her maid came in with the coffee"—ending with:

"*Gar nichts*", said I, and "*Gar nichts*", said she, and so he went through it and the two of us trying to keep looking out the window. He found nothing and he went away and we nearly let the connection trying to pack at the last moment and dodge out. "Well, anyway", says I to her, "if it hadn't been for your damned old diamond ring in the wash basin I could have washed myself". And says she, "If it hadn't been for your stupid papers down my knickers I could have dressed myself". "Pooh to you", says I. "Pooh to you, whatever it is", says she,

and I never saw her after. Of course, I don't believe she was a princess at all, and anyway, I'm sure she was up to something underhand".

And here I was meeting her again, of all places, in B——! I might have guessed Paris, or New York, even London. But not this empty town on the edge of the great, hot bogland of the centre of Ireland, into whose peat it seemed ready to sink as into a warm feather-bed of sleep.

As I had come to B—— for a day out of Dublin to walk this bog, we walked there together, talking and talking. She had married a dentist, she told me, and had three children, and was very happy. But, while I waited for her in her little villa, built originally by some English colonel, I could see no signs of the old Molly I knew. Only on the little bookshelf did I find any memories of the old days—volumes of the writings of this rebel leader and that, and even they, so prized at one time, were pushed down on the lower shelf behind the armchair.

The bog was dry as a dust, and in the haze it trembled, where it stretched for miles and miles over Ireland, purpled and browned with heather and furze, with its few tattered poplars and willows breaking the horizon, and, lone as a stranded bottle on a beach, the low cone of Allan, a little grape white under its bloom. And over all that land no sign of life but the plumes of smoke rising to the clouds from the turf-cutters' fires. Lovely as it was, not merely old but immemorable, not merely unchanged but unchangeable, it began to weigh heavily on me, and to that feeling was added a sense of mystery when I saw the little cabins, like arks, with the dark water lapping to the very doors, and women inside the porches with fallow faces and eyes dark as the bog-pools from which they cut the sods of peat.

She was full of life, delighted to have again somebody to fill with old tales, and I made her, to enliven me, tell again the story of the Persian princess, and I tried to talk with her of politics. But she only said, "Ah, we're still good at heart", and then asked me some question that showed she had not read a newspaper for several days. Then we passed on to the town, and she became passionately excited, saying it would drive anyone to drink; and yet, as I could see, she knew very little about it and had never tried to become part of it. She scorned to play golf, saying, with a touch of her old fire, that it was an English game; and as for cards she could not stand the silly women.

I said:

"Well, you have a grand chance with racing at your very door?"

She said:

"Would you believe it, I was never yet at a meeting on the Curragh, and yet all around me the very children talk in odds. I have to beat it out of my lads. Only yesterday I caught Tommy saying, "I bet yous half-a-dollar I'd jump that fence".

So I drew her back to her old rebelly nights and her European days, and once or twice she told a good story, like that one of the morning she woke up to see a man on the platform in Munich being greeted by an absolutely infuriated wife—simply because on his fur collar was *her* Spanish comb, fallen there during the night when she slept with her head on his shoulder. Once or twice, too, she drew out her old battle-weapons and, as it were, spat on them, and put them up again, as if to show me she was still 'good at heart', saying:

"I see they're having an auction in Lady Banks' place at Rathmore. That's one of the last of the old gang to go—thank God".

Or,

"We have a little factory now in a corner of the Barracks. They're making silk-stockings. But", she sighed, "I wonder. Do you think we should have factories spread all over Ireland? We might have places then like Manchester or Glasgow. It's hard to tell".

So we talked for an hour, sitting under one of the high cause-

way roads, chewing dry rush-stalks. But somehow it was she who did most of the listening, now, and in her stories there was not the same vivid, sharp edge. It was all like music vanishing faintly into the distance, soon to be heard only as a hum, quiet as the bees wandering near us into the thistle-flowers and the furze.

Books and Authors

Some Books on Religion

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS

SO many important religious books have been published in the last three months that I can only make a selection among those which are, I think, most useful to those of you who are trying—and all serious Christians are trying—to find in their religion the answer to the problems of today. Those problems are of three kinds—first, the problem of religion and thought, then the problem of religion and social behaviour, and last the problem of religion and the soul: or, if I put it more concretely, Can religion help me to think? What does religion tell me to do? And what does God want me to be?

First, religion and thought. Three outstanding books should be read by all of you who have the time, and are not afraid of taking a bit of trouble over what you read. They are Henri Bergson's *The Two Sources of Morality and Religion*, Nicolas Berdyaev's *Freedom and the Spirit*, and M. C. D'Arcy's *Mirage and Truth*. The authors attack the question of religious truth from very different standpoints. Henri Bergson is the most distinguished living philosopher, a Frenchman of Jewish origin and a strong opponent of that rationalism which insists that there is nothing in our lives which cannot be grasped by ordinary human reason. Nicolas Berdyaev is a Russian, and a member of the Orthodox Church: he was a Marxian and exiled by the Tsar; he is a Christian and was exiled, after his return to Russia, by the Bolsheviks. Father D'Arcy is a Jesuit priest, one of the most distinguished philosophers in his church, and Master of Campion Hall at Oxford.

It would be impossible to deal fully with M. Bergson's great work; I must be content to emphasise one aspect of it. It is this. Whatever else is true in the history of man, this is true. At all times man is conscious of two things, right and a sanction for that right, that is, morality and religion. There are people who will argue that because at different times and in different countries men have quarrelled about what is right and what is wrong, there is no such thing as right or wrong. The value of M. Bergson's book is in its establishment of the fact that the sense of morality and the sense of religion are *facts*: facts which the scientific historian or philosopher must deal with or admit that he is leaving out in his picture of mankind that which has coloured the culture of mankind from the beginning.

Again, M. Berdyaev's book is so rich in its contents that I cannot do more than emphasise one point in it—freedom. M. Berdyaev has passed through a period of complete unbelief. He has returned to Christianity and his message to us is put in this sentence, 'Freedom has brought me to Christ and I know of no other path leading to Him'. There have always been many disputes about the nature of human freedom or free will. Most of these disputes pay too little attention to actual human experience. Those who deny free will are forced, at the least, to behave as if they had it, those who make too extravagant claims for human freedom are forced to recognise how it is hindered by that over which they have no control. All we can profitably say is that man at his highest has as much freedom as his nature is capable of. That his freedom is so conditioned should not disturb us any more than does the fact that in this life all our activities, physical and mental, are conditioned by animal needs—the need for sleep, for food and drink and all the other necessities which come from the soul's residence with the body. M. Berdyaev occupies a position midway between Roman Catholicism and its opponents. He has the Orthodox dislike of Latin precision and at the same time he sees the dangers of Protestant individualism. The freedom on which he insists is, when it is gained, something to be offered in the service of Christ.

Neither M. Bergson nor M. Berdyaev are mainly occupied with the problem of atheism. Father D'Arcy, in his *Mirage and Truth*, deals with that problem with rare understanding and sympathy. What he aims at is this. He finds in not a few modern authors an idealism—he stresses particularly the importance of Mr. Charles Morgan's *The Fountain*—which he thinks many

We turned back, and she implored me to meet her again—in Dublin—for a whole day—when we must talk and talk. A faint sweet wind came down over Ireland as we walked for the train, and when I had waved goodbye and was looking through the window, there was a light or two in the town, and the bog was already indistinct and cold.

are trying to establish without any reference to traditional religion. He shows, I think successfully, that such an establishment is impossible; you can't build a house without foundations, and there is no foundation for any satisfactory kind of idealism except a belief in God. Although he insists rather more on the value of the instructed reason than does either M. Bergson or M. Berdyaev, he has his own mysticism. He, too, sees that the Holy Spirit is blowing whither it listeth and preparing a new order which can be secured only by those who are willing to accept the full meaning of that inspiration. Man, if he is to be fully man, has got to bring God back into his world.

But when he has done that, when in his own heart and mind, for his private needs, he has admitted the supreme truth of his reliance on God, what is he to do? He can't stop there. He is not only a spiritual, intellectual creature, he is a social creature. What is he to do about his fellows? Here are four books which attempt to deal with that problem. Dr. Raven's *Is War Obsolete?*, Canon Grane's *War: Its Curse and Cure*, Stanley Jones' *Christ or Communism*, and Dr. Inge's *Gate of Life*.

There are a good many ways in which a Christian is forced today to take up a strong position in his duties as a social creature; but the chief of them is in this question of war. There is more confusion of thought about it than about most things. Canon Grane has for many years advocated a reasonable Christian pacificism and his new book will be useful to those who wish to remove this question from the over-emotional atmosphere which too often clouds discussion.

Dr. Raven is equally disturbed by what I might call the panic anti-war school. He doesn't in the least under-emphasise the horrors of modern warfare, but he insists that the Christian's attitude to war will be governed by his attitude to other social questions, by his readiness to admit that in a great many ways our whole civilisation of today is governed by un-Christian ideals. After all, in the end, the objection to war is that it is a way of trying to get something to which you have no right at the expense of someone weaker than yourself; war for Dr. Raven is only one aspect of the evils of a social order which is self-regarding rather than altruistic.

This brings me naturally to Dr. Stanley Jones' *Christ or Communism*. The great value of this book is that it is the work of a man who is a convinced Christian, sees the good which is in Communism and claims that good as a neglected duty of the Christian church. The spirit of brotherhood, the desire for equal opportunity, the breaking down of racial prejudice, these are things in which Dr. Jones feels that the Communists have taught Christians a lesson. He believes that the fate which overwhelmed the church in Russia is largely due to the fact that the Russians had neglected the social side of Christianity and concentrated overmuch on the development of the inner life. Yet, he feels quite sure that Communism without Christianity is meaningless and will be ineffective. He feels as Berdyaev feels that 'if there is no God there is no man'. If life is to be complete it must be religious.

In his book Dr. Inge has two sections on war, and with his characteristic sense refuses to express any shame at the argument that war doesn't pay: 'I cannot admit that to demonstrate the economic lunacy of war is to appeal to low motives. It is sheer cant; national bankruptcy means wide-spread unemployment, children with pinched faces and legs like broomsticks, it means civil war and revolution; it means the relapse of civilisation into barbarism, since it is the most highly educated classes, as we see everywhere in Europe, who are first ruined'.

It is a grim thought, but we oughtn't to forget that we are expected to be saints. I don't mean that any of you have an immediate expectation of sharing the honour that has recently been given to Thomas More and John Fisher, but people ought to realise if they meet us that we have deliberately chosen a way of life that doesn't mean self-advancement. If one is properly

humble there is nothing more cheerful to read than lives of men whom their fellows have recognised as belonging to that company. Here are some books about the lives and the thoughts of people mostly of our own time who have tried to be of the chosen: Dr. Mansbridge's *Edward Stuart Talbot and Charles Gore*, C. F. Andrews' *John White of Mashonaland*, and Basil Martin's *An Impossible Parson*.

These three books give three different answers to that third question of mine, 'What does God want us to be?' Dr. Mansbridge writes with personal knowledge and affection of the two men he is discussing. His interest in Dr. Talbot and Dr. Gore is not in the least ecclesiastical. He recognises their work as great bishops and men of learning; but this volume is largely concerned with their work as Christian citizens, as men who believed that it was the business of Christians to work for the making of Christ's kingdom on earth and believed that work could only be done by those who believed in Christ's kingdom in eternity.

Mr. Andrews has written an admirable, sensitive biography of a Methodist missionary amongst the Mashona. It is a book that I should recommend you to give to any friends who think Christianity dull. The life of John White and his adventures in Africa make as thrilling a story as any in recent missionary literature. He was an ardent friend of all his black people, Christian or heathen, and did much to modify the injustice from which the Africans suffer from their white settlers.

Mr. Martin's book is an autobiography. He is a Unitarian minister who was once a Congregationalist and the chief value of his book is that it is the record of one who has never allowed self-interest or social comfort to stand in the way of his search for truth. You may not agree and I do not agree with the path that he has followed, but it is impossible not to admire the spirit of self-sacrifice with which he has followed it.

The books referred to in Mr. Ellis Roberts' talk are: *The Two Sources of Morality and Religion*, by Henri Bergson (Macmillan, 10s.); *Freedom and the Spirit*, by Nicolas Berdyaev (Bles, 12s. 6d.); *Mirage and Truth*, by M. C. D'Arcy (Centenary Press, 6s.); *Is War Obsolete?* by Charles E. Raven (Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d.); *War: Its Curse and Cure*, by Canon Leighton Grane (Allen and Unwin, 4s. 6d.); *Christ or Communism*, by E. Stanley Jones (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.); *The Gate of Life*, by Dr. W. R. Inge (Longmans, 2s. 6d.); *Edward Stuart Talbot and Charles Gore*, by Dr. Albert Mansbridge (Dent, 3s. 6d.); *John White of Mashonaland*, by C. F. Andrews (Hodder and Stoughton, 5s.); and *An Impossible Parson*, by Basil Martin (Allen and Unwin, 5s.). Mr. Ellis Roberts also recommended *Some Studies in the Old Testament*, by Canon F. F. B. Mackay (Centenary Press, 6s.); *Why Be Good?* by James Reid (Hodder and Stoughton, 3s.); and *The Heavenly Vision: an Anthology*, by Mrs. Phyllis T. Wood (Student Christian Movement, 5s.).

Poem

Country Tale

White moon-skull in the deep sky
and over the crag a strong wind tearing night
in scraps of cloud. This sea below grey
to its white thread of sandy break
against the curve, two promontory arms turf-skinned
their granite knuckles black and still.
Who called this bay Hell's Mouth sounded the fear
below the heart.

A poor land thrusting the sea
would filch its puny gains driving the wind
to rip the hardwon crop and where a cottage
hides pursue its fury into rain
this winter night.

'Make fast the door. The candle gutters
and the smoke is sour on the tongue.
I count the nights but waiting-time,
the day a respite'.

'Mother, I would not have you sit in grief,
your hands upon your knees'.

'Chide me, rebuke me, let it be my balm.
I lost my life in losing him. Seven nights ago
he died, and I heard not the word he fought to say.
A night of storm, a night of death.
Long years of toil for me, for you, his strength
to buy this shelter, hazard and hardship naught in his eyes
and all desire pressed into this solitary care
that we might live where he would die,
death waiting upon the tide's turn
for this last voyage. Think it not hard to die
if all be well for whom you love . . .'

'Seven nights ago and in a storm'
' . . . I heard not that one word his gift to me,
to you: the wind made thunder on the roof.
"Here you may bide" he said, "The gold lies hid . . ."
but death has hidden in the storm the word of gift.
These nights but waiting-time, days numbered
and at the end a journey I know not where'.

'I am afraid . . . these tales they tell . . .
Is there a name to all you see and hear
in dark or day?'

'Get you to bed; the night draws on.
No danger walks but in your fear'.

In this dark room isolate
between drumming wind and pit of silence
a red band steadfast in the fire
and on the steel below a pool red and still
to mirror all things known: comfort and warmth
these drawn into the flesh abide
where eye can see and hand touch.

Clockbeat pricking the dark, rustle of coal,
these things all known and now the wind
abated into low notes far away
while over youth is folded sleep till all is faded into peace

But if the mind succumb where grief and toil
have broken strength, if sleep come soon
it stays not long for at the gate despair
adamant patient, all intent to steal within,
despair and his dark shadow fear
striding across the hearth to fill the air
with strangeness and to people night
a thousand strong with puck and lob,
corpse-candle and the Hounds of Hell.

No truth in these old tales, but fear
pays heed to naught the mind can say:
this dark too wide to bound the will
within the bidding of remembered truth.
Nor any truth but heart accepts.
Oh in this silence time deserts
leaving no sentry here to urge the minutes
into hours

No clockbeat pricking the dark
This clink
of cup and dish Who moves within?
No answer

Terror, and God so far away
no prayer can reach Oh mercy, soon.
Let death be kind let death come armed
with weapon known, not this unseen
this deeper silence now, this dark
this tongue-dried terror, dark without
and dark within Oh mercy, soon.

Out of death into day pale and familiar,
ashes upon the hearth, grey sea and sky.
Not death but fear.

'Mother, I died . . . I dreamt . . . I heard a noise
Oh in the night some terror moved . . .
I prayed God send death soon to free me
and I sank below the dark'.

'Peace, child. No terror moved.
The gold lies in a crevice where the cup
swings to the dish. Search if you will,
but this I know'.

'You dreamt?'
'He crossed the dark with word of gift.
No terror moved'.

The Listener's Book Chronicle

Thomas Cromwell. By Peter Wilding Heinemann. 15s.

'NO BIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS CROMWELL has appeared for twenty years', say Messrs. Heinemann in one of those genial commendations with which publishers are wont to garnish the jackets of their books. That in itself is no reason for the appearance of another one, if the work does not exemplify qualities of historical scholarship and judgment equal to the subject, or literary graces which may make it worth reading for their sake; or, in short, if the book has nothing to say which has not already been better said before. And that is the sad case with this book.

'Consequently', the publishers continue, 'few students are well informed about a man who was one of the strangest figures of the Renaissance period'. This may be doubted: the ordinary reader will derive quite an adequate impression of the personality of Thomas Cromwell—to which this book will hardly add—from any good History of England. Moreover, Cromwell was not, in the usual sense, a strange figure at all, though a very remarkable one: he is, for instance, far less strange than his namesake and connection, the Protector Oliver. Thomas Cromwell was the nearest thing that English statesmanship has ever had to a Lenin. He had that same quality, very rare in an Englishman, of a ruthless intellectual apprehension of politics; it was that that enabled him to plan and carry through, in the decade 1530 to 1540, those changes which amounted to the most far-reaching and deep-going transformation in our society. The appreciation of this, and of the strategy with which it was carried out, it may easily be seen, is a matter for a mature judgment. Mr. Wilding does his best, and his conception of Cromwell's character, since it was not a strange one, does not widely err; for it does not differ much from the books, except that Mr. Wilding regards Cromwell, quite simply, as an atheist. His judgments, indeed, are made slightly absurd through oversimplification, when they are not positively juvenile. Cromwell, we are told, was the exact counter-type of his Sovereign: a nationalist, a rationalist, a realist; whereas it would be difficult to imagine a ruler who was more nationalist or more realist than Henry was. Then Mr. Wilding regards Henry VIII as 'essentially a stupid man'; nothing could be stupider than this—no historian really acquainted with the subject has ever thought this, whatever else he may have thought of Henry, who, if an intolerable egoist and a selfish man, was a first-rate politician: the two are not necessarily incompatible.

Paxton and the Bachelor Duke

By Violet Markham. Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.

This life of the architect of the Crystal Palace, by his granddaughter, is more revealing as a social than as a biographical study. It is not that Paxton's career lacks interest—or even excitement. He was of the type immortalised by Samuel Smiles, a 'self-made' man—first gardener's boy, then confidential agent, then railway speculator, then architect and lastly Member of Parliament and Knight. But through it all his career was closely intertwined with that of his aristocratic patron—the sixth Duke of Devonshire. The relationship between the two was one that had been common enough in the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries, but was rare enough to be a curiosity in the nineteenth, and has by now completely vanished. Paxton was picked out casually by the Duke from among the undergardeners at Chiswick, and translated to Chatsworth at the age of 23. There he married the niece of the Duke's housekeeper, rearranged and beautified the gardens, and speedily became the Duke's confidant and chief man of business. The Duke himself was deaf, nervous and lonely. Disappointed of a successful political career, he allowed himself to be interested by Paxton in botany and horticulture as hobbies. One must write 'horticulture', not 'gardening', advisedly. For the operations of the Duke and Paxton were on a scale such as only fabulous extravagance could sustain. Huge trees carted about the country for replanting, foreign continents ransacked for rare plants, record-sized water-works, glasshouses and rockeries erected—it is no wonder that in the end Paxton had to help the Duke to keep solvent by selling a huge tract of the latter's Yorkshire properties to Hudson, 'The Railway King', for half-a-million pounds. Still, Paxton glorified Chatsworth, while Mrs. Paxton managed it; and the Duke gave more and

more of his confidence and friendship to both. At last Paxton, after considerable dabbling in railway speculation, found his chance of national fame. When the Building Committee of the Great Exhibition found itself at a deadlock over the design for the Exhibition Hall, and the Prince was almost in despair, Paxton produced, under the astonished eye of Robert Stephenson, an immensely glorified version of one of his own greenhouses—and, lo and behold, it became the Crystal Palace, the 1851 Wonder of Hyde Park and Sydenham Hill. Paxton, says Miss Markham, hoped by this lucky stroke to inaugurate a new architectural era of iron and glass, but for this he was living eighty years too soon. However, it was something, in an age of aimless and insipid ornamentation, to have produced a building strictly functional and to have secured its survival long after many of its contemporaries have been pulled down. Paxton's genius was versatile, restless and sanguine. In the end he overloaded and therefore shortened his own life, outliving the Duke indeed, but wearing out the brave spirit of his life's partner, Sarah Paxton, who had most of the worry and little of the enjoyment of her husband's success. Miss Markham intersperses her narrative with many quaint anecdotes. One of the most amusing concerns the compliment paid to Paxton by the Duke of Wellington. The latter was a guest at Chatsworth when the Duke of Devonshire was entertaining the Queen in December, 1843. Paxton had arranged magnificent illuminations one night for the whole of the grounds. Next morning the curious Duke rose early to see how the mess made by the revels was being dealt with. But when he looked out, not a vestige of the affair was to be seen; everything had been tidied up and cleared away by an army of Paxton's henchmen during the night. 'I should have liked that man of yours for one of my generals', was the Duke's surprised comment to Paxton's master.

Storm Song and A Bride for the Unicorn

By Denis Johnston. Cape. 6s.

The Abbey Theatre in Dublin, foster-mother of such dramatists as Synge, Yeats, Lady Gregory, Conal O'Riordan and Sean O'Casey, is far from dead, but it is limited by its charter to the production of strictly Irish plays. To meet, and perhaps in part to create, the demand for drama by non-Irish authors on non-Irish subjects, the Gate Theatre (housed in that famous Rotunda at the end of O'Connell Street, whose name is known to all medical students and maternity nurses) has sprung into vigorous life. Its most distinctive member is, perhaps, Mr. Michael MacLiammoir, actor, dramatist and scenic designer, but the best known outside Ireland is Mr. Denis Johnston, whose 'The Moon in the Yellow River' recently had a successful run in London. He follows it up now with two plays produced at the Gate Theatre, which he calls 'my nursery and my workshop'. The first, 'Storm Song', is decidedly the better. It concerns the making of a documentary film on an island off the Atlantic coast of Ireland, and it is not difficult to connect its origin with Robert Flaherty's 'Man of Aran'. But Mr. Johnston expressly claims that none of his characters have their origin in real life. The islanders play a small part, the main action springing from the conflicts set up when some Irish gentlefolk arrive among the film technicians who have been cut off from the civilisation they are accustomed to. Szilard, the Hungarian-American director, is already in temperamental conflict with his assistant, a young man named Gordon King, who does the cutting of the films. They are devoted to each other but they are always quarrelling, for King, resentful of his debt to Szilard, tries to persuade himself and others that the camera work is subordinate to the cutting. The American company which employs Szilard, weary of his delays, refuses further supplies, and he has only one thousand feet of film left, with the essential storm scene still unphotographed. At this point the gentry from the mainland arrive, and Gordon King falls headlong in love with an unusual young woman named Jal Joyce. He goes off for a day with her and the others to the house of a numbskull aristocrat, and when the long-awaited storm suddenly arrives he has to return to the island in her small boat, by night, at considerable peril. But he resists her blandishments when, at dawn, Szilard goes out in a fisherman's 'hooker' to film the storm. In the last scene, the private view at a big London cinema, we learn that Szilard was drowned in that storm and the film company has capitalised his death to ensure the success of his last film. Gordon King is now

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the rising man, and he is torn between two realisable ambitions, for he receives an offer to join a Russian film institute (honour and poverty) and another to make films for the American company (success and wealth). Jal Joyce, with a self-sacrifice which seems rather trite and unconvincing, persuades him that he does not really love her, and off he goes happily to Russia. The play is perhaps overweighted with minor comic characters, a dull-witted aristocrat, a Cockney accountant, a pseudo-artist enamoured of folk-tunes, a young woman who twitters platitudes—though they are all genuinely comic. And, except for the arbitrary resolution of the love affair between Gordon King and Jal Joyce, the main story is firmly and powerfully worked out.

'A Bride for the Unicorn' is a fantasy, and clearly owes a debt to the stews scene in James Joyce's *Ulysses*. John Foss falls in love with a lady in a mask, loses sight of her, passes through many strange adventures with seven men companions who change their guise from time to time, and ultimately finds that his beloved is Death. The idea is hardly original, and the intermittent verse is undistinguished. The satire on public schools, capitalism and love lacks sharpness of impact. But 'Storm Song' is a vivid, unusual and powerful play, which, if it reveals no great advance on 'The Moon in the Yellow River', at any rate shows that Mr. Johnston is determined not to repeat himself, and has interests outside the already well-explored territory of Irish psychology.

Phantom Crown: The Story of Maximilian and Carlota of Mexico. By Bertita Harding Harrap. 10s. 6d.

The publisher is hardly justified in saying that this story 'is now fully told for the first time'. It has been told many times, and with greater fulness in Count Corti's volumes, published in England six years ago. However, it is a good story and there is no harm in telling it again. Mrs. Harding writes with vivacity and is eminently readable. Some of her wit is a trifle vulgar, and her facts when she gets outside the Mexican story are sometimes surprisingly inaccurate, but she has a clear and sound idea of her central figures and their story. Those who go to history for the same sort of relaxation as they get from the average novel will find this book very much to their taste, a fact recognised by the Book Society which has given *Phantom Crown* its recommendation.

The story is one of the most surprising in nineteenth-century annals. That a Hapsburg Archduke, brother of Francis Joseph of Austria, should be set up by French troops as Emperor of Mexico was an event well out of the common run. Less surprising that the French, after a year or two, should find that the task was too much for them and leave their Maximilian to perish, a figure of fatuous heroism, by the ill-aimed bullets of the firing squad at Queretaro. Such a thing could only have happened when Napoleon III directed the destinies of France. Poor Napoleon, whom we have learnt to admire more than we did a generation ago, had many good ideas, but the 'Latin Empire' in Central America was his worst. Mrs. Harding treats him on the whole fairly, but she is full of cynical and unjustified innuendoes at the expense of Eugénie. She also cherishes a curious contempt for Queen Victoria, and the more comical passages from Lytton Strachey's book are dragged in to adorn a tale with which they have no connection. Indeed there is a good deal that is rather 'cheap' about the book, but it is a skilful and amusing piece of work.

**Philip Webb. By W. R. Lethaby
Oxford University Press. 6s.**

The name of Philip Webb is still too little known in spite of the fact that the general attitude towards Victorian architecture is fast changing from derision to fascinated interest, and gradually we are beginning to realise the full greatness of our nineteenth-century architects. This obscurity has been explained in two ways; Webb was a particularly reserved man in an age rather given to self-examination in public, and his output, at a time noted for its prolificacy, was a comparatively small one—in a working life of forty years he was responsible for only fifty or sixty buildings. But what is of more account than either of these reasons was his close contact with William Morris in so many undertakings which resulted in an inevitable submergence before the excessive vitality of the boisterous 'Topsy'. The one architect member of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, Webb

first came to prominence as the designer of Morris' famous 'Red House' at Bexley, a house which is still admitted to be the most important specimen of domestic architecture to be put up in this country in the last half of the century, and one which is being acclaimed by an increasing number of foreign architects as the first consciously 'modern' house in Europe. When the Brotherhood went into business as 'Morris and Company' Webb became well known as a designer of furniture, massive candlesticks, and table glass. But perhaps his most valuable work was done for 'Anti-Scrape', or the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, which he founded with Morris, in 1877, as a direct result of Gilbert Scott's threatened restoration of Tewkesbury Abbey. He invented a method of inter-pinning ancient masonry, apparently a forerunner of the modern process of grouting, which was the salvation of many an historic building. And it was largely by Webb's intervention through the Society's Foreign Committee that the Venetian Basilica of St. Mark was saved. The Italians intended to level the undulations of the mosaic floor!

The late Professor Lethaby was the ideal man to write this biography. Until his death a short time ago he was one of the most important links between this age and the age of Webb and Morris and he did much to combat the increasing difficulty with which we attempt to understand those faraway days. This book is packed with odd, often irrelevant, details, about all that strange group of artists, poets and idealists whose passionate belief in themselves is at once our bewilderment and our shame. But there are many things Mr. Lethaby has not helped us to understand in this, the year after Morris' centenary. The conscientiousness for instance of the Pre-Raphaelite who, being long over the painting of a picture, found it necessary to paint the trousers in three times to keep up with the fashions. And the monstrous 'pranks' they used to play on one another are completely beyond our understanding.

The Two Sources of Morality and Religion

By Henri Bergson. Macmillan. 10s.

In this last, long-awaited and perhaps most remarkable of his writings, M. Bergson dissects the dual manifestations of conscious activity in the phenomena of morality and religion, and traces them to their source in the interplay of instinct and intelligence. In showing what characteristics of contemporary social existence are to be attributed to these primary forms of consciousness, he furnishes a profound diagnosis of the present sickness and discontents of civilised societies. His analysis of the action and attainment of humanity issues in a very sharp distinction between the 'open' and the 'closed' society—a bifurcation which, rooted in the most primitive human mentality, is evinced in ever new, unforeseeable forms at all subsequent levels of its development. Human society 'fresh from the hands of nature' is characteristically 'closed'; its members 'hold together, caring nothing for the rest of humanity, alert for attack or defence, bound to a perpetual readiness for battle'. Yet this Hobbits picture expresses but a half-truth, and through the pages of this remarkable book, M. Bergson completes its correction with that acuteness of perception and abundance of arresting illustrations to which his readers are accustomed.

Upon the stereotyped or 'closed' society which instinct ordains, there supervenes the 'open' society which is the work of intellect. Each social epoch consequently exhibits some measure of free choice in the type of organisation it creates and adopts. Reason thus intervenes in a regulative way, and, translating its claim into the form of a principle of obligation, constrains the wills of its members in the manner of a habit. With consummate skill, Bergson shows that the deeper we dig towards the roots of various particular obligations in order to discover the essence and origin of all obligation as such, the more does it exhibit itself as 'necessity', the nearer does it approximate towards instinct and the more does it withdraw from intelligence. Yet individual freedom is no less real than individual constraint—'A being does not feel obligation unless he is free; each obligation taken apart implies liberty'. The direction of the constraint is always towards social cohesion. Such 'constrained' behaviour is essentially 'sonambulist', hence one function of intelligence in society is precisely to make it appear intelligible. Thus the 'closed' society comes to be 'coated' with a morality, but a morality that is perforce 'closed', not 'open', since it is in principle orientated towards, not humanity at large, but the exclusive group alone. The popular supposition that by apprenticeship in civic virtues, that through love of family and thence of country, our social sympathy pro-

gressively broadens until at length it embraces humanity entire is a perversion of the facts due to theoretical preconceptions.

Obligation itself thus accounts for no more than constraint or 'drive'; in a morality complete and absolute there is essentially an appeal. 'Founders and reformers of religion, saints, obscure heroes of the moral life are the real conquerors: they have crushed the resistance of Nature and raised humanity to new destinies'. The social problem is always of the same fundamental form: to raise ourselves above a morality of narrow social incorporation to a wider morality of religion.

Nature, which ordained small societies, also left open the way for their expansion. If she did not ordain war, she at least so prepared the conditions of life that war should have been inevitable. But all great empires, the fruits of war, have fallen into decay. They were too unwieldy to live. Whatever the motives assigned, whatever the justifications urged, the origin of all wars was ownership, individual or collective. And here, too, Nature has taken the precaution of interposing between foreigners and ourselves 'a cunningly woven veil of ignorance, preconceptions and prejudices'. Here education finds an opportunity. For no one thoroughly familiar with the language and literature of a people can be wholly its enemy. 'The mastery of a foreign tongue may at one stroke do away with the prejudice ordained by Nature against foreigners'. In more recent conflicts the object of conquest, prestige, glory has more and more given place to the aim of maintaining some standard of living, comfort or luxury, without which life has been esteemed valueless. With growth of population and lack of raw materials, the stage is set for war: to eliminate these causes or lessen their consequences must be the principal object of any international organisation directed to its abolition. *Humanity must simplify its existence with as great an energy as it spent in complicating it.* The difficulties are many, but none are insurmountable if there is a determination to surmount them. Humanity, M. Bergson gravely concludes, lies open to an unfathomable future, 'groaning half-crushed beneath the weight of its own progress. Men do not sufficiently realise that their future is in their own hands. Theirs is the task of determining first of all whether they want to go on living or not. Theirs the responsibility, then, for deciding if they want merely to live, or intend to make just the extra effort required for fulfilling, even on their refractory planet, the essential function of the universe, which is a machine for the making of gods'.

The Future of Monetary Policy Oxford University Press. 10s. 6d.

It is of vital and increasing importance for the successful adaptation of democracies to a changing economic world that a considerable section of the educated public should be able to understand something of what the professional economist has to contribute to the discussion of social policy. There are two difficulties, however, which stand in the way. In the first place economics has become a difficult technical subject which it is hard for the layman to follow. In the second place economists, like all other specialists, disagree among themselves in the more advanced departments of their subject. It therefore becomes difficult for the outsider to discover whether they have anything to say or not. Neither of these difficulties is insurmountable. The things about which economists agree are far more important than the things about which they disagree, and it should be perfectly possible to explain these broad conclusions in non-technical terms.

Of all the departments of policy, that of money and credit is at once the most important and the most urgent. It is therefore with the liveliest hopes that one turns to the results of over three years' labour on the part of a group of economists gathered together by the Royal Institute of International Affairs to report on it. Unfortunately the results as expressed in this book are more than disappointing. It is plain after a perusal of *The Future of Monetary Policy* that, however the problem of public education in economic matters is ultimately solved, it will not be achieved by calling together a number of distinguished specialists who do not agree with each other, and publishing the inconclusive results of their discussions.

There are two central questions of financial policy which have been much debated in recent times by experts. They are: first, whether the general level of prices should be stabilised or whether it should be allowed to fall as the money costs of production are reduced; and second, whether the level of the foreign exchanges between countries should be fixed by gold parities or whether they should be free to fluctuate

with the changing foreign trade position of each country. On each of these fundamental matters the 'Report' is in hopeless conflict with itself. On the first point the authors content themselves with the vague statement that the objective of internal policy should be the preservation of a 'continuity of values' (p. 35) although it is explicitly affirmed on p. 11 and p. 110 that this phrase was understood in one sense by some members of the group and in the diametrically opposite sense by the remainder. On the second point of the stability of the exchanges the Report is perfectly frank about the inability of the group to come to any substantial agreement whatever. The two opposing views are set forth at length in the second section of Chapter III. It is not easy to understand why, if so little agreement was possible, publication was thought to be worth while. It would indeed be disastrous if such divided counsels were even to become the basis of our future monetary policy. The valuable part of the book lies in a more careful assessment of the policy of public works contained in Chapter VII and also three good chapters in Part III on the problem of short term balances, on the future of long term international lending and the work of the Bank of International Settlements. Even here the professional economist will feel that the subjects could be treated more usefully by a more elaborate analysis. Specialist discussion is one thing. Popular education is another. The intimate combination of the two in one document is disastrous. The layman would find this book puzzling and exasperating to a degree, while to the trained economist it is superficial and inadequate. It is not by this method that as a community we shall grow in economic wisdom.

The King's Grace, 1910-1935. By John Buchan Hodder and Stoughton. 5s.

Mr. Buchan has accomplished the difficult task of compressing a history of the last twenty-five years into just over three hundred pages. They have been eventful years—more eventful, it seems, looking back on them, than any other quarter of a century in the history of the country. At the time of the King's accession home politics were embittered by the dispute over Mr. Lloyd George's Budget and the Parliament Act. During the years which immediately followed they became even more violent with the Ulster threat and the agitation of the Suffragettes. Mr. Buchan calls these the Restless Years, and suggests that under an assumption of permanence and prosperity there was a growing ferment of uneasiness, as though a change were coming, and good things would not last.

The change came suddenly and disastrously. Mr. Buchan devotes just half his book to the War, and the compactness and lucidity of his narrative are admirable. In certain aspects of the strategical problem, and certain estimates of individual figures he is inevitably on controversial ground. Gallipoli and Jutland, the first Ypres and Passchendaele are still open to argument. Mr. Buchan tends to be lenient in his judgments of men: but he does not attempt to gloss over mistakes or to lavish indiscriminate praise. He has the knack of sweeping aside details, and presenting the broad tidal movements of the conflict with a fluency and a comprehensive grasp that are outstandingly brilliant. The years of turmoil that have followed the War, Mr. Buchan treats much more summarily. He is inclined to think that the Peace Treaties, though unsatisfactory, were perhaps not so bad as they might have been. He spends a chapter on the 'Changing Empire'—Ireland, the Balfour formula, and the Statute of Westminster. He compresses post-war British politics and social changes into a bare twenty-four pages of conservative comment. From time to time throughout the book he steps aside from his main narrative to show the part the King himself has played in politics. He shows clearly the tact with which the difficult problems presented by the Parliament Act were handled. He describes the King's unwearying efforts during the years of the war to keep up the country's morale both at home and on the battlefields. He particularly emphasises the conciliatory influence of the Throne in the Irish disputes, and he touches, though lightly, on the interviews at Balmoral which preceded the formation of the first National Government. But chiefly, in the Prologue and the Epilogue, he is concerned with the new feeling of friendliness and simplicity, the feeling of being at one with his people, which the present Sovereign has added to the ancient dignity of the Royal office.

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